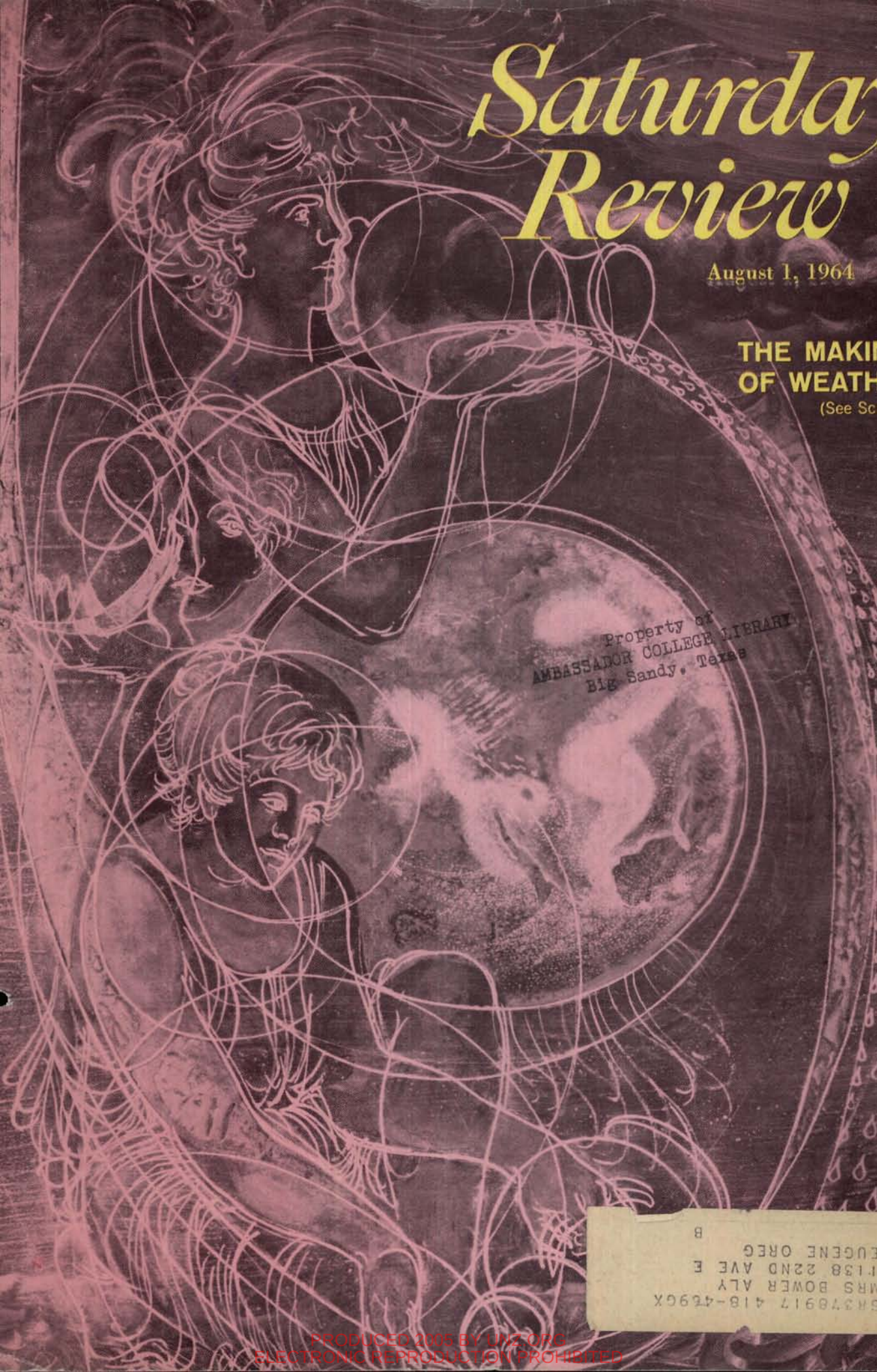


Saturday Review

August 1, 1964

THE MAKI
OF WEATH
(See Sc

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

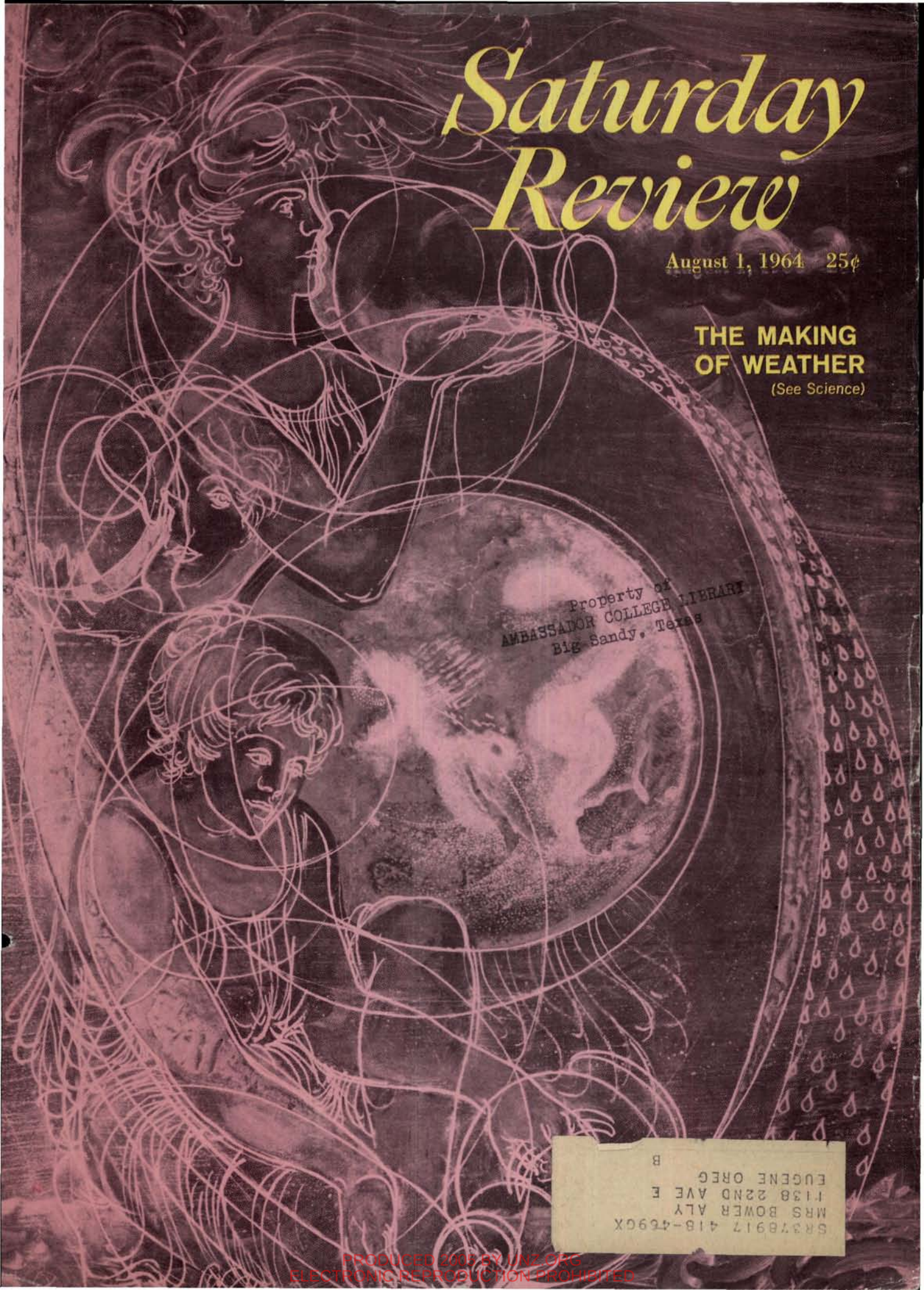
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • 100 % GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • W. & A. GILBEY, LTD. • DIST. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CO., N.Y.C.

The sun never sets on Gilbey's Gin

This great London Dry gin is called for in all four corners of the globe. Preferred, because its crisp character makes martinis snappier, tall drinks brisker, all gin drinks livelier. Preferred, because it gratifies completely. Try Gilbey's Gin. Born in London in 1872 and, ever since, popular around the globe. Taste why "The world agrees on 'Gilbey's, please'!"

Crisp, London Dry GILBEY'S GIN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Saturday Review

August 1, 1964 25¢

THE MAKING OF WEATHER

(See Science)

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

SR37891? 418-469GX
MRS BOWER ALY
1138 22ND AVE E
EUGENE ORE G
B

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • 100 % GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • W. & A. GILBEY, LTD. • DIST. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CO., N.Y.C.

The sun never sets on Gilbey's Gin

This great London Dry gin is called for in all four corners of the globe. Preferred, because its crisp character makes martinis snappier, tall drinks brisker, all gin drinks livelier. Preferred, because it gratifies completely. Try Gilbey's Gin. Born in London in 1872 and, ever since, popular around the globe. Taste why "The world agrees on 'Gilbey's, please'!"

Crisp, London Dry GILBEY'S GIN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She's stranded. Helpless.

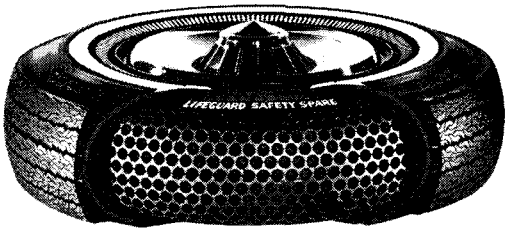
A flat tire and no one in sight to change it. But with the LifeGuard Safety Spare she won't have to change a tire.

Because the LifeGuard is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead. Designed to keep her going even with a flat, puncture, or blowout.

The secret is two tires. One inside the other. The outside tire is the Double Eagle. It's made with exclusive Vytacord polyester . . . the "dream cord" that's strong as nylon and smooth riding as rayon . . . yet makes a cooler-running tire than both.

And like all Goodyear auto tires, the Double Eagle is made with Tufsyn rubber, that's 25% more durable.

In fact, the Double Eagle is the toughest, longest-wearing tire you can buy.



Add the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare and it becomes the safest tire in the world. Chances are the Double Eagle will never let her down. But if it should, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over.

She won't have to stop to change tires . . . even with a blowout. It's almost as good as having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

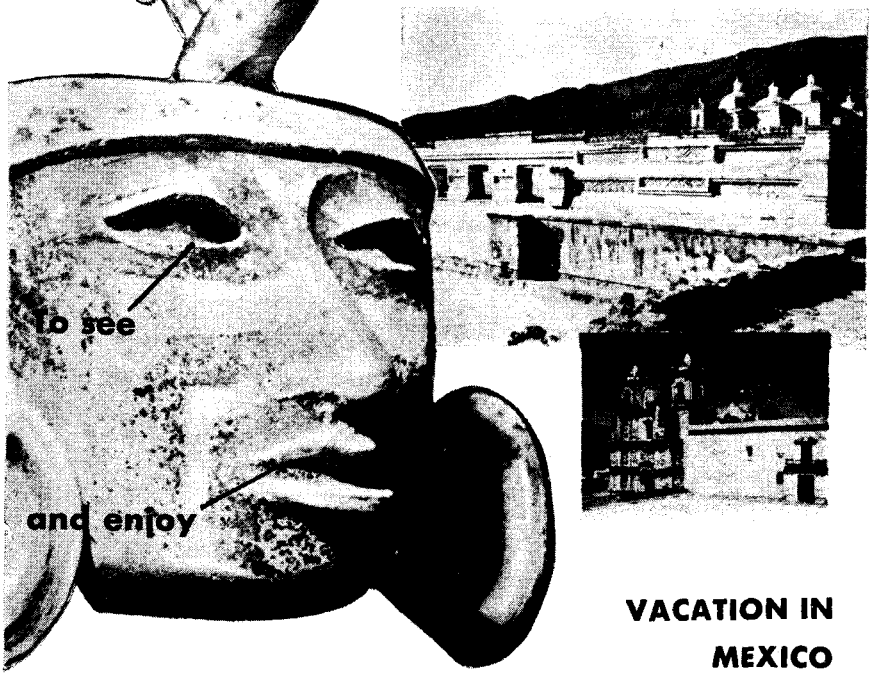
More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind

PRODUCED 2015 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn, Vytacord--T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

méXico

THE FABULOUS LAND



VACATION IN MEXICO

SO NEAR AND YET SO FOREIGN.

Oaxaca (pronounced wah-HA-ka) is the essence of both ancient and colonial Mexico.

In the nearby dead cities of Mitla and Monte Alban the spirit of Mixtecan and Zapotecan civilizations pervades the carefully preserved halls and palaces.

The region is famed for its handicraft products--leather, hand-loomed cottons, pottery and cutlery. Its typical costumes, music and dances are always a source of enchantment, as are its markets and seasonal fiestas.

Within easy reach of Mexico City, by air, highway or train, Oaxaca carries you back to unrecorded times.

30 DAY TOURIST CARD FREE

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR OUR OFFICES AT:

CHICAGO 3, ILL. ——— 210 North Michigan Ave.
DALLAS 1, TEX. ——— 1905 Commerce Street
HOUSTON 2, TEX. ——— 809 Walker Ave. Suite 146
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF. ——— 3106 Wilshire Blvd.
MIAMI 5, FLA. ——— First National Bank Bldg., Arcade, Office No. 20 315 S. E. 2nd St.
MONTREAL 3, P.Q. CANADA International Aviation Bldg. Annex First Floor, 700 Dorchester Blvd. West.
NEW ORLEANS 12, LA. ——— 203 Saint Charles Street.
NEW YORK 20, N.Y. ——— 630 Fifth Ave. Suite 3508
SAN ANTONIO 5 TEX. ——— 209 E. Travis St.
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIF. ——— 1301 Fifth Ave.
TORONTO 5, ONT., CANADA ——— 13 Bloor St. West.
TUCSON, ARIZ. ——— 80 North Stone Ave.
WASHINGTON 6, D. C. 1302 Connecticut Ave. N.W.

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT
PASEO DE LA REFORMA 35, MEXICO CITY

Saturday Review

August 1, 1964

Cover art by H. Danska, copyright by the National Academy of Sciences and reproduced by courtesy of the Academy

SR: Ideas

12 The Making of a Hero, by Marshall W. Fishwick
16 If Good Men Do Nothing: An Editorial
18 The Case for Registering Guns, by Tom Batman

SR: Science

35 The Making of Weather, by John Lear
42 Is the Scientific Paper Fraudulent? by P. B. Medawar

SR: Books

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
23 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

5 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory
6 State of Affairs, by Henry Brandon
8 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
9 *SR* Recommends
10 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.
17 Letters to the Editor
19 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert at the Berlin Film Festival
19 Literary I.Q.
20 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *Othello* in New York
22 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton on the French Riviera
29 Literary Crypt
51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1582

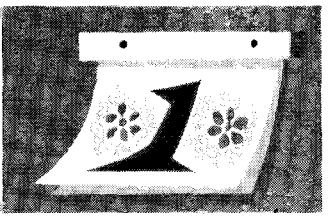
Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 31, August 1, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

WELL, the elephant labored. And, as the GOP convention moved to its relentless, foregone conclusion, out of it all—from the incredible treatment of Rockefeller in particular to the weird posturing toward the Eastern "Establishment" in general—two things came to mind. One was that it seemed eminently fitting that the state that put Senator Goldwater over the top should have been South Carolina. The other was that, if Senator Goldwater and his forces are that poor winners, we are considerably concerned about them as possible losers.

• • •

On the TV front there were, in our opinion, entirely too many people covering not the convention, but the convention *coverage*, and after several hours, for example, of watching the Messrs. Huntley and Brinkley, we were almost as tired of them as they seemed to be of each other, their jobs, or us—we couldn't quite tell which. There must be some way for a network to spend several million dollars covering a convention, particularly one that seems to be run entirely for the benefit of the television audience, without giving several million viewers something less than the excitement you might find in a small-town telethon.

One suggestion we have is that perhaps it would be possible, out of some 1,500 TV people, to find one or two old-fashioned reporters who come up with one or two interviews to inform us just who was for Goldwater, and why, and even, if it isn't too much to ask, how come? If there had been some such interviews, perhaps the whole thing would have seemed less like a convention in another country—a kind of United States of Amnesia.

• • •

Two months ago in this column we wrote that Representative Bob Dole of Kansas, who introduced Senator Goldwater at the rally in Madison Square Garden, said, "We are going to make the White House the White House once again." We are in receipt of a letter from Representative Dole in which he declares that what he said was "We are going to make the White House the Light House" (see SR, July 25). We are glad to correct this and to apologize for the fact that we merely put down what we thought we heard. We do wish to add, however, that those around us at the rally also thought they heard "White House." We did not check with any Negroes for the simple reason that, in all of Madison Square Garden, we didn't see any.

• • •

Finally, we have, we are sorry to say, a simply terrifying statistic for you this month. Indeed, so terrifying is this statistic that we advise you, before you read further, to prepare your mind for a shock.

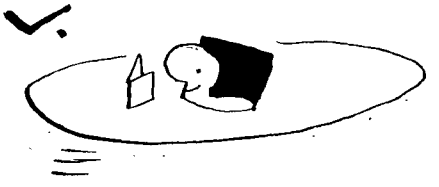
The World's Fair, it seems, collects statistics not only on the number of people going into the fair but also on the number of people coming *out*. And one Saturday last month, according to the *New York Times*, 209,000 people went in the fair and 211,000 came out.

Now we have every confidence that Robert Moses and Mayor Wagner and President Johnson and the Republican National Convention and Consolidated Edison can handle this thing. But we do feel that, until they do, you owe it to yourselves, when you come to New York for the fair, to take every precaution.

Meanwhile, we ourselves are going to go straight out to Flushing Meadow to get to the bottom of this thing. You can count on us to stay calm and collected. But we do have a few questions that we would like *someone* in authority to answer. And we are asking these questions not in a spirit of pressing the panic button or criticizing or even carping. We are asking them in the spirit of trying to find out what is required of each of us, in this emergency, as citizens.

Our first question is a simple one. How long has this been going on? If every day 2,000 more people have been coming *out* of the fair than going *in*, it is, after all, just a simple matter of arithmetic. In a week, it's 14,000 people, in a month it's 60,000, in five months it's 300,000. In two years—good Lord, man, it's Red China!

Now, we did say we'd stay calm. But our second question is a pressing one. Who are these people and what do they want? We know, of course, what they don't want. They don't want the fair. But how can we be sure that, after they're not given what they don't want, they'll go back where they came from?



And where *did* they come from? Now we know there are some very interesting and informative things out there at the fair, and we have nothing against these things. But these things are not all—we might as well be accurate—*American* things. Some of them are—we might as well face facts—*foreign* things. Now again we have nothing against foreign things *as* foreign things. It takes all kinds to make a World's Fair. But there are obviously people among these things, in all those foreign pavilions and places, who have very different ways of thinking about things and very different standards from our American ways and standards.

Again, we repeat, we have absolutely nothing against these people *as* people. Many of them are all well and good in their right place—as long as they know their place. But their place is, certainly, *at* the fair. And now, the point is, they're *out* of the fair. They're on the loose.

Once more, we say, we have no wish to alarm anyone. We are perfectly prepared to meet these people halfway—say at Jones Beach. But until we do, we certainly have a perfect right to know more about these people. Are they, for example, married? Are there an equal number of men and women? Or are there some extra men? For dinner?

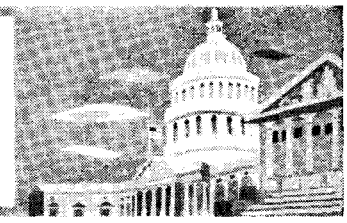
Well, never mind. The biggest question of all is what are we going to do with these people? Do we issue them passports? Can they vote? If so, whom are they going to vote for? And speaking of voting, what about the computers? Have *they* been told about these people?

Finally, these people bring up a very serious question. You've heard about the population explosion. Oh *that*, you thought. All right, you thought, that didn't concern you. That was just other people off somewhere having too many babies. Well, now it does concern you. And these aren't babies, Buster, these are *full-grown adults*.

You thought the population explosion could be handled by more education and more schools and things like that. Well, these babies are all *through* school. They've not only been through school, they've been through Pepsi-Cola, Coca-Cola, General Motors, Ford, IBM, Johnson's Wax, Eastman Kodak, Republic of Thailand, you name it—they've been there. They've had this talk of fair play and fair trade and fair labor and fair treatment. They've had the fair, period—up to here. They want out and they want out now. And if they don't get it—well, all we can say is we gave you fair warning.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State of Affairs



The Communist Schism

ONE of the much-debated questions behind the scenes in Washington is the problem of how to deal with the Communist Chinese threat. Four months ago when I was in Moscow I found this to be a gravely nagging issue there, too. Even to the casual visitor it was obvious that the subject preoccupied the Russian mind more than almost any other. And no wonder, for China has now become a very serious threat to Soviet interests. A small insight into how seriously this threat is taken is reflected in the fact that broadcasts from China are now being jammed in the Soviet Union, while those from the West go undisturbed.

If you look at the world from Moscow, Western Europe seems like a relatively calm sea. It is stable and static. The United States is far away, engaged in an election campaign. The situation in Asia and Africa, on the other hand, is a sea of troubles.

In Asia, although it is American interests that are openly challenged, the Chinese have succeeded in greatly weakening Soviet influence. And among African Communist parties, China is aggressively forcing the pace to wrest control from Moscow. The Kremlin is fighting a desperate rear-guard action in Asia, but in Africa, in the noted words of George Canning, the British statesman, it is straining to call on the new African Communist world "to redress the balance of the old." In addition, China is creating a great uneasiness along the almost endless Sino-Soviet border, so much so that several Soviet divisions have been shifted from the Western to the Eastern front. Essentially, though, the quarrel between Moscow and Peking is not an East-West conflict but a North-South one—between a more developed and an underdeveloped country.

Thus China has become the great incubus in the Soviet Union. The ordinary Russian, it soon became quite obvious to me, has developed a deep distrust of his erstwhile ally. He reveals a hatred that combines a deep disappointment usually expressed in the phrase ". . . after all the help we have given them . . ."; a racial bias that comes to the surface in remarks like ". . . they make us aware that we are Europeans . . ."; and an underlying fear that these "barbarians" may sooner or later become the real enemy—a genuine threat to Soviet security.

"Tell us," a Russian writer said to me almost immediately after my arrival in Moscow, "why aren't we doing something more drastic about Mao?" The question took me by surprise, and I answered, "Well, that's one of the things I came here to find out."

Mr. Khrushchev has, in fact, been trying to read China out of the Communist world for some months. He has been hoping to organize a world conference of Communist Party leaders to prove that he is the Number One Communist leader. When I asked a well-informed Russian personality how Mr. Khrushchev is most likely to meet the Chinese challenge, he answered by using a simple metaphor: "When you are married to a woman but you don't live with her, you divorce her." When later I got to Budapest, after Mr. Khrushchev's "campaign" there, and asked the same question, a good Hungarian authority by coincidence used the very same metaphor but with a significantly different twist, "When you have been married to a woman for a long time," he said, "you will think twice before divorcing her; for it means deciding who should get the children, how to divide the bank account, who should get the furniture, and so forth."

Mr. Khrushchev's dilemma is obvious.

The question "Why aren't we doing something more drastic about the Chinese?" is also frequently asked in the United States, particularly as the situation in Vietnam and Laos continues to deteriorate. There is little doubt now that Communist China cannot rely on getting help from the Soviet Union, should it provoke the United States into a direct challenge. Yuri Zhukov, the authoritative commentator of *Pravda,* recently put Peking on notice not to expect China's anti-Soviet campaign to be rewarded with help. But it has been clear for some time now that the Soviet Union no longer considers binding its mutual assistance treaty with China. Nor has Peking seemed to have any illusions about it since the Soviet Union refrained from giving her even so much as political and diplomatic support during the attack on India. On the contrary, Peking could not have failed to notice that India was and is getting industrial and military aid from the Soviet Union, now denied to themselves.

In Laos, therefore, the Russians find themselves in an awkward and embarrassing situation. They are a party to an agreement for the neutralization of this strategic country, yet they have been unable to persuade either the government of North Vietnam in Hanoi or that of Peking to use moderation. In South Vietnam they have assumed a different attitude. The guerrilla war to them is one of those "wars of liberation" that is part of the trend of a world in revolution, in which Mr. Khrushchev firmly believes. They therefore continue to give lip service—and possibly a certain amount of arms aid—to the guerrillas.

Ho Chi Minh, the aging head of the North Vietnamese state, used to lean toward the Russians rather than the Chinese. But it is doubtful now how much influence he still exerts within his own party. All available evidence shows that the Communist Party in North Vietnam is now decidedly on the side of Peking. It supports the Chinese in their opposition to the conference of world Communist leaders that Mr. Khrushchev is seeking; it also favors China's militant ideology. Under these circumstances it is wrong to assume, as some experts believe, that North Vietnam might want to go its own third route, similar to Tito's.

China's manpower reserves are virtually inexhaustible, but her military equipment, especially that of the air force, is obsolete and could not stand up against American military planes. This was very likely one reason why the Chinese relented in their attack against India as soon as the United States got ready to bring its own planes into action to protect Indian fighting forces. The Chinese, it is certain, have no nuclear weapons yet and won't have any effective weapons for some years, even though they may detonate an atomic device fairly soon. Internally, China has recovered from the economic crisis of two years ago, but the situation is still precarious.

And yet, despite these obvious weaknesses, both the Soviet Union and the United States treat China with great caution. The North Vietnamese and the Chinese, on the other hand, believing in the superiority of their aggressive ideology, continue their provocative activities in Laos and South Vietnam.

The Kremlin is proceeding warily in its strategy to isolate China because it needs the support of the majority of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aren't you still campaigning for the British Empire?

Haven't you the Pimm's Cup point-of-view?

Come, now. You'd better get cracking. Don't you miss the jolly good times of the officer's mess? The amenities of the sports club? Such privileges of rank as the "gentleman's gentleman"? Don't you stand with us on a return to the leisurely, golden days of the outpost, when Victoria reigned supreme and the sun never set on her Empire?

You do? Bully. You have the Pimm's Cup point of view.

For over a century, Pimm's Cup has been identified with the staunchest defenders of the British Empire. Officers of every branch of Her Majesty's Service have long counted on this refreshing drink to bring one civilized pleasure anyway, to the remotest corners of the earth.

What really established Pimm's fame occurred in 1859, when word got about that No. 1 Cup, a new and delightful drink, was being served to select customers in James Pimm's chophouse in Cheapside.

Shortly, enjoying an off-duty pint of No. 1 Cup at Pimm's became S.O.P. for Officers of the Guard at the London Tower. And when these officers were ordered out to station, several precious bottles of Pimm's found their way into barracks bags and foot lockers—and the good word began to work all around the world. Soon young "subs" and grizzled veterans alike eagerly awaited the arrival of all officers from London. It meant the arrival of more Pimm's in the ruddy tropics.

Today only seven men know the well-guarded formula of Pimm's Cup No. 1. But there is no secret about the proper making of the drink itself: Heap a Pimm's tankard with ice. Pour in 1½ oz. Pimm's Cup No. 1. Add a lemon slice. Fill to foaming over with 7-Up or lemon soda. If you share our notion that a bit of snobbery is a bit of all right, garnish with mint or cucumber rind, thin-sliced.

Now then. You have mustered *the* long, cool drink to discourage hot, summer days. Utterly agreeable. But one must decide for one's self, don't you agree?

Try your terrace. A fifth of Pimm's is only about $5.00. Precious little for civilized man's greatest ally against constant, enervating heat.

To this proper end, we are pleased to offer you glass replicas of the tankards used when Pimm's Cup No. 1 was introduced.

Pimm's Cup—Box 356
Old Chelsea Station
New York 11, New York

Gentlemen: May I assure you I plan to stay out of the noonday sun, and in your Pimm's Cup.

Please send me_____sets @ $2.50 per set (four tankards to a set). My check or money order is enclosed.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Offer limited to continental U.S.A. and Hawaii. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

SR84

PIMM'S MADE WITH LONDON DRY GIN, GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, FRUIT FLAVORS, SUGAR AND COLORED WITH CARAMEL. 67 PROOF.
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world Communist Parties and because it must prove that its policy of advancing the goals of Communism by negotiation rather than by force is more successful. Mr. Khrushchev recently complained to a Western statesman that it is so much easier for the Chinese to explain their policy to Asians and Africans—namely, to slit the enemy's throat—than it is for him to advance his own, which is so much more sophisticated. Once upon a time I heard this sort of exasperated complaint, especially in the corridors of the United Nations, from American diplomats who at the time found it difficult to promote American policy against the oversimplification of Soviet policy.

Perhaps the chief reason for President Johnson's caution with the Chinese is his wish to avoid commiting American ground forces in Southeast Asia after the experience in Korea. A further point is the desire to make no move that could throw the Russians back into the arms of the Chinese. And in a more remote way there is, of course, the lurking matter of future American-Chinese relations.

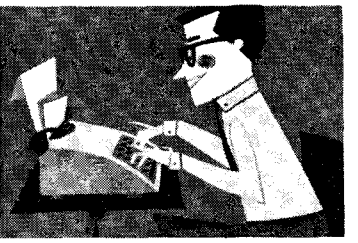
This question nowadays is rarely brought to the public platform. Surprisingly, it was Mrs. Clare Luce, once a bitter foe of Communist China, who in a recent commencement address advocated that the United States should seek a relaxation of tension not only with Moscow but also with Peking. In short, she was trying to remind Americans that the old British strategy of the "balance of power," which helped to stave off any major wars in Europe in the nineteenth century (though it did not succeed in the twentieth), should now be adopted by the United States against the Communist world. This is an eccentric view these days for a Republican. But it has caused no reaction from the old "China lobby," and therefore one wonders whether the lobby still exists.

President Johnson, in contrast with most Republican leaders, feels that a relaxation of tension is what most American want. But he has indicated that if a more forceful intervention in Southeast Asia becomes necessary—though clearly he would rather avoid it—he would take the risk. It will become one of the major issues in the election campaign.

Whatever the future brings, the Sino-Soviet conflict is one of the major political events of this generation. Not only is it an advantage to the West because of the division of Communist power it has created, but it may in the end even further reduce the chance of a full-scale war.

The West has two choices: to follow Mrs. Luce's advice, or to make something close to a common cause with the Soviet Union in order to isolate or at least weaken the influence of Communist China. —HENRY BRANDON.

Top of My Head



The Art of Hypochondria—Part 3

NO SOONER had last week's edition of *SR* hit the stands than a letter came from a friend complaining that in these medical symposiums I have been treating doctors irreverently. It's an objective opinion. He just happens to be a doctor. This doctor friend happens to be the same doctor I saw at the club playing pinochle one night. He was playing with another doctor. The bidding was furious. My doctor bid 300, the other doctor said 330, my doctor responded with 340, and the other one with 350. My doctor studied his hand more closely than he does an X-ray, I can tell you. Finally, in disgust, he looked across the table at the other doctor and said: "I hope all your patients get well!"

Actually my intent is not to treat doctors irreverently in these pieces. I only say, as kindly as I can, that when it comes to treating hypochondria they don't know what the hell they're talking about. I know because I went through twelve years of it and more doctors than you can shake a thermometer at, and I'm better qualified to diagnose and prescribe for hypochondria than any of them. And that includes Drs. Kildare and Casey. And you can throw in Raymond Massey.

My first meeting with one of my early doctors during my hypochondrial period was at 2 A.M. in a hotel. He arrived from his suite in the hotel disheveled and wearing a costly silk robe. He listened to my complaint—the rapid heartbeat, the feeling of breathlessness—and offered me a sleeping pill. I said I don't use sleeping pills. He told me to go to sleep. Then he asked for a glass of water, swallowed the pill, and went back up to his suite.

As I indicated, I'm not a sleeping pill man myself. Over a year I probably take six or seven. Singly, of course. Although I had at one low point thought of taking them all at once. I finally settled on slashing my wrists. That didn't work either. Those electric razors are just no good. But it did get me some attention, which, after all, is only what every first-class hypochondriac is looking for.

For instance, even now, when I'm able to feel all these mystic aches, pains, and discomfitures with some equanimity, I still walk into my doctor's office for a verbal checkup. The other day he asked me how I was feeling and I said not too well and I went on to describe my problems from head to toe. It was a brilliant organ recital, sprinkled with clinical terms—syndromes, edemas, habit-forming – all the things I've picked up from the back of patent medicine bottles. When I had finished he said, "Have you been to the fair?"

Which is not conducive to a complete recovery or even to a comfortable convalescence. And if I were still the hypochondriac I once was I would have gone back to my old devices. One of these included listening raptly to all medical commercials on radio and television and choosing the appropriate medicines for my symptoms. Now that I don't panic I'm able to listen to these commercials objectively. For instance, the headache tablet that cautions you not to shout at Billy because he left his bike in the driveway. This is so wrong! The thing to do is shout at Billy and get it off your chest. Otherwise this inner turmoil builds and you wind up with ulcers. It's only later you discover they also make something for ulcers.

And speaking of headaches recalls the time my mother came to New York on a visit—a gentle, soft-spoken, white-haired lady of eighty. She confided to me that she was being bothered by constant headaches. I examined her. My diagnosis was that what was causing the headaches was her eyes and what was indicated was a change of glasses. So I took her to one of my many doctors, a specialist in that area.

I thought he treated my diagnosis rather offhandedly because he ushered her into his private office and asked me to have a seat in the waiting room. According to the story my mother told me later, he looked into her eyes, her nose, her ears, and came up with the announcement that all her teeth would have to come out. She took out her upper and lower plates and handed them to him. —GOODMAN ACE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Recommends

BOOKS

Fiction

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, Wallace Markfield. Simon & Schuster, $4.50 (*SR,* June 6)—An inspired satire of New York's literary intelligentsia that finds low comedy in high seriousness.

BOSWELL, Stanley Elkin. Random House, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 1)—High-flying satire with a mind to it, about a modern-day James Boswell who collects celebrities and men's egos.

THE TOMORROW-TAMER, Margaret Laurence. Knopf, $4.95 (*SR,* June 13)—Sharply perceptive stories of transition in Africa.

PNIN, Vladimir Nabokov. Atheneum, paperback, $1.25—Protagonist is a homely, lonely, blundering White Russian refugee professor. A classic of Chaplinesque humor.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95 (*SR,* July 11)—Authentic, exciting character revelation of an eighty-year-old headmaster at a small private school, a man both complex and heroic.

Nonfiction

BEFORE THE COLORS FADE: PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER, GEORGE S. PATTON, JR., Fred Ayer, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $6 (*SR,* July 11)—New portrait of the bold and free-wheeling warrior of two world wars, by his admiring but very candid nephew.

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION: THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC ORIGINS OF OUR TIME, Karl Polyani. Beacon, paperback, $1.45—Brilliant, provocative analysis of nineteenth-century conflict between economic liberalism and the human needs of society.

THE LIVING NOVEL AND LATER APPRECIATIONS, V. S. Pritchett. Random House, $6.95 (*SR,* June 27)—Penetrating essays on British, American, and European writers.

JUSTICE IN MOSCOW, George Feifer. Simon & Schuster, $5.95 (*SR,* June 27)—Impressive account of Soviet courts and law today, inspired by the conviction that a nation's concept of justice is at the heart of its civilization.

GIDEON'S TRUMPET, Anthony Lewis. Random House, $4.95 (*SR,* June 27)—Veteran journalist relates the story of a man who takes his case from a jail cell to the Supreme Court of the United States and brings a new law into being.

THE CART AND THE HORSE, Louis Kronenberger. Knopf, $4.95 (*SR,* June 6)—Essays by a sane contemporary spokesman, addressed to those, the intellectual included, "infected with the worst diseases of our age."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN, Robert Payne. Simon & Schuster, $8.50 (*SR,* June 13)—Handsomely designed, well-crafted biography of a seminal figure who helped shape our century. Author turns a marmoreal image into a human being.

EROS DENIED: SEX IN WESTERN SOCIETY, Wayland Young. Grove, $7.50 (*SR,* June 6)—Delightful, factual treatise evoking the idea that love itself is a form of piety that goes beyond persons.

MOVIES

THE ORGANIZER (*SR,* May 9)— Somber yet curiously elevating account of the struggle toward human betterment. Occasion: strike in Italian textile mill at turn of the century. Strike organizer: Marcello Mastroianni.

THE EASY LIFE—Perfectly realized, seemingly affectionate study of a carefree bounder who thoughtlessly plays with life and lives.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA (*SR,* July 18)—John Huston substantially improves upon Tennessee Williams's short-lived but provocative play, aided by top star and technical performances.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED (*SR,* July 11)—Marital folkways of Sicily; comedic and satiric film by Pietro Germi of *Divorce, Italian Style.*

THAT MAN FROM RIO (*SR,* July 11)—Wild tale of adventure and intrigue that kids half the movies ever made. Director is talented Frenchman Phillipe de Broca. Man is Jean-Paul Belmondo.

A SHOT IN THE DARK (*SR,* July 11)— The protean Peter Sellers repeating his bumbling French detective role. The *play*? Forget it.

RADIO-TV

AFRICAN WRITERS OF TODAY (on most National Educational Television stations)—Unique series (six programs), uneven in quality, including interviews with current African poets and novelists.

ERIC SEVAREID'S EDITORIALS—CBS EVENING NEWS WITH WALTER CRONKITE (Monday through Friday)—Witty, wise, and consistently forthright, Mr. Sevareid's "analyses" are worth seeking out.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION COVERAGE (all three networks)—A highlight is the convention review by Senator Hubert Humphrey and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. ABC-TV Sunday, Aug. 30, 5-6 P.M. EDT.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ERIC HOFFER (NET stations) — Philosopher-longshoreman from San Francisco verbalizes provocatively on six half-hour programs based on his latest book, *The Ordeal of Change.*

RECORDINGS

BERG: Pieces for Orchestra (Op. 6); **WEBERN:** Pieces for Orchestra (Op. 6); **STRAVINSKY:** "Agon" (*SR,* June 27). Hans Rosband conducting Southwest German Orchestra. Westminster, $4.98 (mono only).

DEBUSSY: Nocturnes (*SR,* June 27)—Pierre Monteux conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; **STRAVINSKY:** *Firebird Suite.* Monteux conducting orchestra of the Concerts Conservatoire. RCA Victor, $2.50; stereo, $3.

MOZART: Quintet in A (K. 581) and Divertimento in F (K. 247) (*SR,* July 25). Members of the Vienna Octet. London $4.98; stereo, $5.98.

ROUSSEL: Symphony No. 3. **MESSIAEN:** *Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine* (*SR,* June 27). Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.

THEATER

AFTER THE FALL (*SR,* Feb. 15)—Arthur Miller's remorseless examination of our potential for destructiveness.

THE TROJAN WOMEN—Brilliant staging of Euripides's classic.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING (*SR,* Oct. 28, 1961) and **THE FANTASTICKS** (*SR,* May 21, 1960)—Long-running musical attractions that continue as the best in town.

THE DEPUTY (*SR,* Mar. 14)—Controversial play about the alleged failure of the Vatican to counteract Hitler.

THE KNACK (*SR,* June 20)—Fun about seduction, British-style.

IN WHITE AMERICA—Vivid presentation of the history of U.S. race relations from the first days of slavery to Little Rock.

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES (*SR,* June 13)—Quiet but generally absorbing play about the subsurface emotional currents in an ordinary family of three.

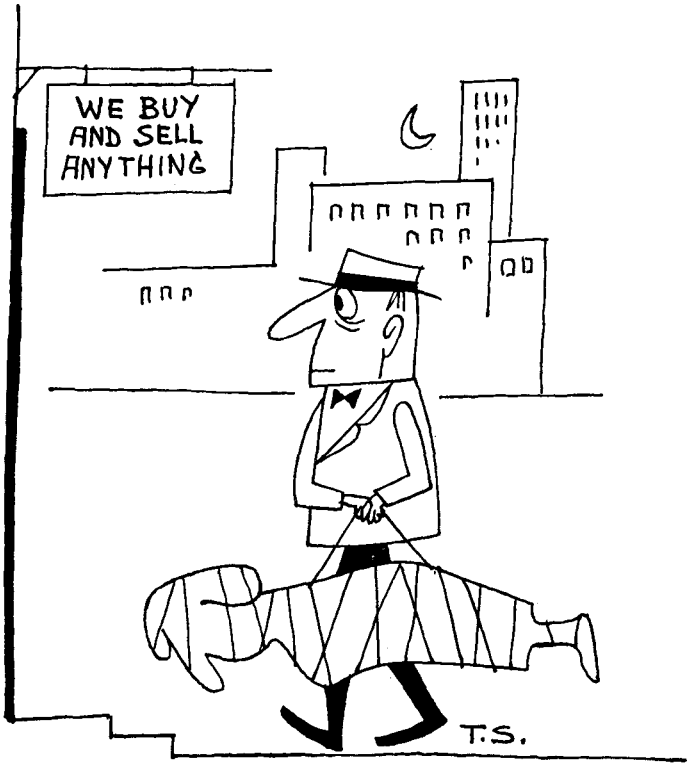
PHOTOGRAPHY

SAM FALK'S NEW YORK—Attractive installation of photos from Gilbert Milstein's book *New York: True North.* At Smithsonian Institution in Washington through August 30.

FRONTIERS OF NEWS—Expert editing and skilled production team convert 200 AP photos and newspaper headlines into eleven minutes of documentary paying tribute to world's newsgatherers.

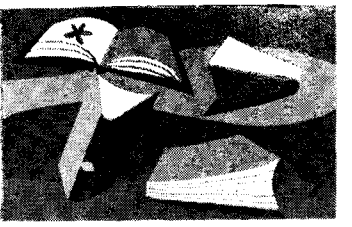
MISCELLANEOUS

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, August 12-28—Probably the best talkfest in the country. Includes Howard Nemerov, Nancy Hale, Shirley Jackson, Stanley Elkin, Robert Pack, John Ciardi, David McCord.

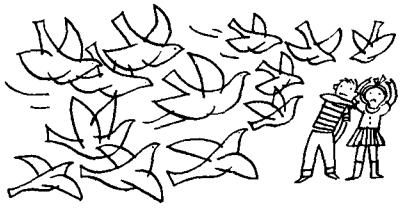


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds



One of the saddest stories I've heard occurred in Memphis. Mrs. E. S. Liddell's children were given two homing pigeons a couple of years ago. The birds multiplied and there are now twenty of them. The children have outgrown them



and Mrs. Liddell has been trying to get rid of them. She has given pigeons to friends and to strangers. She has taken pigeons far away and deserted them. She has shooed them. All to no avail; a homing pigeon takes its title seriously.

I sure hope the Liddell children don't outgrow that boomerang they've been playing with.

When I mentioned that a bank in New York displayed a sports car, a tent, and a putting green in its lobby, I merely scratched the surface. These modern institutions offer some wonderful distractions for the indigent. Betty Haughey clocked the following exhibits in New York banks:

A show of paintings by Chagall and "other famous artists."

Models of ships and oil paintings of ships. (Seaman's Bank for Savings, of course.)

An indoor fountain and a lady who plays the piano.

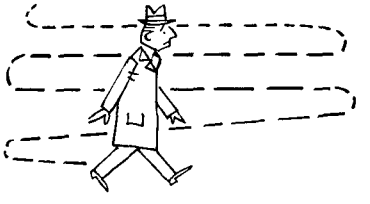
A dog show. (Same place where they have ice skating in winter.)

I had a shock when I saw a book published by Hill and Wang entitled *Jokes for Children*. Most of them were jokes I had been telling or hearing from so-called grownups, like "What happened to the girl who didn't know the difference between cold cream and putty? All her windows fell out."

Somehow Charles Sopkin got around the press agents and past the secretaries and persuaded ten American millionaires to spill the beans to him. In *Money Talks* (Random House) their first-person stories are collected. I was most taken by what John H. Ballard said. He started in 1909 with the Bulova Watch Company, making $4 a week. He quit high school to take the job, and in 1935 at the age of forty-two he was made president of the firm. Not a bad record for a drop-out!

Millionaire or not, Ballard was faced with one heck of a problem not long ago. Here's how he explains it: "All of a sudden I found myself at the age of sixty-five. Well, at sixty-five you're supposed to retire. . . . I'll tell you truthfully about that first day when you don't have to go to work. . . . You stall around. . . . You don't know what to do with yourself. . . . You take a walk. . . . I went to a movie for the first time in my life in the middle of the week. . . . The next day I stalled around some more and the next day was the same as the previous day . . . get a massage . . . go to the bank . . . walk . . . Boy, do you walk! . . . I roamed around until I was nuts. . . ."

When Ballard retired in 1959 he turned down many offers of jobs. One was from the Gruen Watch Company,



about $11,000,000 in the hole and sinking fast. After three weeks of "retirement" Ballard changed his mind and went to Gruen. Now he's back on an eighteen-hour day, and Gruen, which lost almost $2,000,000 in 1959, is making a profit well up into six figures.

When Ballard left Bulova after fifty years, he took with him a lifetime pension of $40,000 a year. There was only one string attached to it: it was forfeited if he went to work for another watch company! He now says:

"I don't think much about retiring these days."

My interest in peculiar signs prompted D. Rollins to bring us up to date on the ones that amuse her in London. In Oxford Street, where some repair work is being done, the sign says: "Walk Warily." The favorite phrase in England seems to be "Beware of," followed by "Children" or "Pedestrians." She has also seen "Beware of the Ramp" and even "Beware of the Road."

But Henry Castor reports this one at a food counter at the New York World's Fair: "Popcorn—25¢. Buttered Popcorn —35¢."

Mrs. W. Gordon Ross recalls one in the Boston Public Library: "Only Low Talk Permitted Here."

Sallie Wagner is intrigued by a redundant sign on a fence just south of Santa Fe: "You Keep Out!" In another part of New Mexico is her favorite: "Private Property. Welcome."

Sharps and Flats: What does it mean when your nose itches? In the field of anatomical superstitions, I know that when your palm itches it means money is coming to you. When your ears burn, someone is talking about you. When you shiver, someone has walked over where your grave will be. But does a nose itch mean anything?

► If you want to have fun, shoot a

dollar on the do-it-yourself analysis book by Roger Price called *Snoop*.

► Some of the best Japanese literature is on the canned food labels. Safari-San Smoked Oysters are described as "Packed in Japan with diligence and responsibility." They are very tasty. The directions read: "Serve cold or not with lemon perhaps. It is assuredly advised that all who delight with their cocktails will happily engage in serving this most sincere brand."

► Paul Kerby tells me that Tibetans would like to see their religious leader, now exiled in India, back in power. If he were to return to his homeland, he would be greeted by the familiar song "Hello, Dalai, we're glad to see you back where you belong!"

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1581)

N. Benchley:
A Winter's Tale

If by any mistake things got put away, he would spend hours finding them and leaving them about again. . . . As far as he was concerned, closets were for old hats and out-of-season clothes, and everything else should be where a man could put his finger on it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics

Series 52

by Doris Nash Wortman

THE latest book in the incomparable *Double-Crostics* series is just published. In it: 50 brand-new, tantalizing, stimulating, exhilarating puzzles for word-lovers—including a section constructed by fans.

Here's what to do with D-C #52: Take it on trips. It fits into beach bags, carpet bags, gunny sacks, knapsacks, steamer trunks, suitcases, plane cases, attaché cases—and on laps of all sizes.

Use it to wish good friends Bon Voyage. Solve it yourself cruising the Nile, sidewalk-café-sitting in Paris, or behind a potted palm at the Plaza.

From Nice to Greece, from Nome to Rome, from Alps to Catskills, *Double-Crostics* are de rigeur.

The coupon below will bring your copy (or copies) to your door. Fill it in and put it in the mail today.

Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished.

To your bookseller, or

SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

Send me ..... copies of Double-Crostics Series 52. Price $1.95 each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(New York City residents add 4% city sales tax)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
August 1, 1964

THE MAKING OF A HERO

What is the elusive secret that lifts one man above his fellows?

By MARSHALL W. FISHWICK

THE politicians are hard at it. Flags and words are flying; metaphors are being mauled; rooms are being filled with smoke. Yet nothing they can say or do can hide the psychic wound of November 22, 1963. The most important figure in the 1964 conventions is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

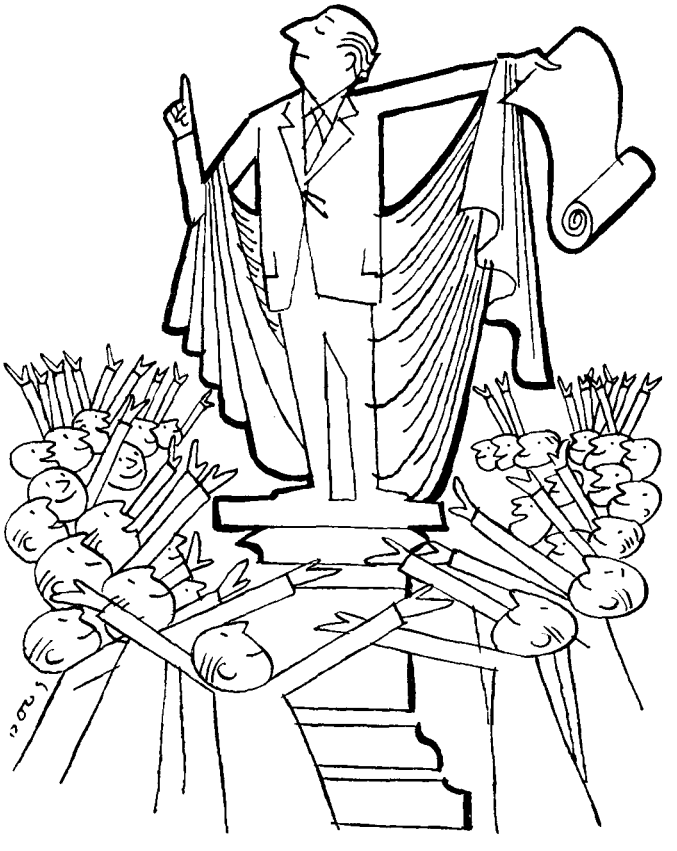
The 1960 Democratic Convention did more than produce the first United States President born in this century; it produced a man who, by acting his age, became its unmatched hero. "Historians may protest, logicians may rave," writes Gerald W. Johnson. "But they cannot alter the fact that Kennedy has been touched by romance. He is removed from all categories and is comparable only with the legendary."

To fill an emptiness in the American heart, publishers have been throwing tons of paper in the chasm. Four million copies of *The Torch Is Passed* (the Associated Press's memorial volume) have been sold. That figure is topped by United Press International-American Heritage's *Four Days*. One may buy the Kennedy he wants, David Dempsey wrote recently—and went on to prove it by listing a score of titles in the field. Here is a storehouse from which historians may draw for years to come. It will help them to answer the question we are too close to handle: what kind of culture made John F. Kennedy's election and assassination possible?

What might be done, and worth doing, is to try to indicate where and how John F. Kennedy fits into that long and unassailable caravan that only the immortal may join. History was still blind when the first heroes prevailed. They are preserved not in record but in myth. In classic times heroes were god-men; in the Middle Ages they were God's men; in the Renaissance, universal men; in the eighteenth century, gentlemen; in the nineteenth century, self-made men. Perhaps, as Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and John Kennedy suggest, they will be patrician-technologists in the twentieth—economically free to inspire and direct those who manipulate the new power.

Whatever the time or place, the hero must (to use the term of those relative newcomers to the intellectual forum, the social scientists) evoke particular attitudes of behavior. Despite all our recent innovations and inventions we still search the heavens for a messiah, emancipator, image-maker, orator, race preserver, reformer, or creative genius. His virtue, influence, or personality captivates the people of his time. Original insight is his essential quality; he appeals both to imagination and to reason.

History, like a stream, seems to move in one direction for a time, and then another. As it flows, it gathers momentum. Men who perform so that many think they alter the flow of events are the heroes of their times.



If we could identify or isolate the quality that enables one individual to create this impression, we would have the essential secret. But no one has yet been able to discover it. Every age has thousands of aspiring heroes. Some are strong enough to be admired by the next generation, which feels the hero's charm and power in stories told by those who knew the great man. By the third generation the hero's exploits generally take on a certain remoteness. Political favorites, matinee idols, and sports champions disappear as quickly as they rise.

The Greeks had a word for it: "heros," the superior man who was deified after death. In him people saw their values and dreams realized. Heroes are made by the populace only in the sense that a knight is made by the king when he is given the accolade. The reason for the accolade is independent of the king; it existed before the man became a knight. So a hero is created by public recognition of his merit; but the merit is independent of the recognition. It is the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary precondition of his being judged a hero.

Each hero serves certain specific functions, growing out of the time and environment in which he lives. The one thing every hero must do is satisfy the emotional and psychological needs of admirers. He must reflect their social thinking, their innermost hopes and beliefs. Public opinion and aspiration change rapidly; so do reputations. One period exhibits what Alfred North Whitehead calls the hysteria of depreciation; another, that opposite hysteria which dehumanizes in order to exalt. The rise and fall of heroes is closely tied in with a culture's ultimate purposes. We witness it without fully understanding it.

Heroes have cycles of popularity. The "climate of opinion" governs heroic selection. The America that chose McKinley over Bryan in 1896 would certainly not, at that moment, have wanted to exalt Jackson or Jefferson—any more than the nation that elected John F. Kennedy in 1960 would be anxious to revere McKinley or William Howard Taft. All cultures seem to have heroic "climates." Soviet idols today are unlike those venerated by Czarist Russia. Spartan, idealistic, and ready to die for a political cause, they are much more like Americans in our Revolutionary period.

EVENTUALLY great men are accepted and venerated as acts of faith. No historical document can take away Pocahontas's credit for saving Captain John Smith. No debunker can make Washington less than the Father of his Country. No amount of earth orbiting can dim our memory of John Glenn, the first American to accomplish that feat.

Certain heroic themes common to all literature are constantly reappearing. These themes seem to come in pairs. The persevering tortoise is the antithesis of the Futile Searcher; Cinderella of the Sly Fox; the Escapist of the Returning Prodigal; the Golden Fly of the Ugly Duckling; and Patient Griselda of the Inconstant Lover. Hero tales and fairy tales are universal and primary stirrings of the human soul. Often the hero has a distinguished origin, and a birth surrounded by mysterious circumstances. Threats are made on his life, but he is spirited away. Reared in obscurity, he returns to win victories and fame. Tragedy, rather than comedy, dogs his life. Tall tales of America and miracle tales of the Middle Ages have much in common. Newsstand comic books use situations as old as Homer or Beowulf. The favorite setting for heroes remains the battlefield, which provides the clearest test of strength and decision. Still there are many other ways to win immortality. Consider Washington's refusing a crown, Lincoln's walking miles to return a penny, Paul Bunyan's straightening out a river, and Babe Ruth's pointing to the bleachers where he intended to knock the old apple.

Heroic reputations swing between the poles of the saint (Buddha, Christ, St. Francis) and the soldier (Alexander, Napoleon, Washington). The former stress meekness, self-denial, renunciation; the latter aggressiveness, domination, and affirmation. Shaped by activism and manifest destiny, America has honored the soldier more than the saint. She has also demanded that her heroes be emphatically themselves. Individualism has been a cult in America; conformists and men in gray flannel suits are viewed as villains, not heroes.

Heroes must have a mission. Those who believe in it become disciples. Such charismatic leaders Thomas Carlyle called "the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrives to do or attain." Indices of the national mind and spirit, heroes may serve high ends as moral agents, or mundane ends as propagandists. To say they will be true to their age does not mean that their standard of values will be high. "Reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism," said Emerson.

Enduring heroes smack of the symbolic. Men can stand for struggles, points of view, or whole epochs. George Washington symbolized the Revolution, Franklin Roosevelt the New Deal, Martin Luther King the struggle for integration. A great man may have much surface appeal, but the source of his true power is internal. His importance stems from his perceiving the enduring significance of daily flux. Then, like the boon-bringer, he can return to that flux and interpret it for others.

THIS insight allows heroes to perform creative acts and human societies to grow. To master the macrocosm one has first to overcome the microcosm. When he tackles the outer world, the hero is faced by the inertia of his fellow men; upsetting the social equilibrium brings conflict. Either his triumph or defeat will restore the social equilibrium. As Henri Bergson says, the hero is one whose soul has marked the attainment of a certain point by the evolution of life, and has manifested in an original form a love that is the essence of the creative effort.

Such men are responsible for the growth of civilization. Most people remain in the same quiescent condition as members of dormant primitive societies. The creative heroes are "no more than a leaven in the lump of ordinary humanity; and this ordinary humanity is no different in nature from the human type which is typical of primitive societies."

The heroic cord stretches all the way back from today's newspaper to prehistory. America is a new nation with old memories. Whatever else she has lacked, she has produced a bumper crop of heroes. They run out threads of relation through everything, fluid and solid, material and elemental. The great-man theory is allied to the doctrine of self-assertion; because it answers an urgent need, hero worship is an integral part of American life. We identify ourselves with greatness by means of a signature in an album, a lock of hair, a photograph, or a baseball that has scored a home run; haunt stage doors and locker rooms; pursue our favorites with candid cameras and sound recorders.

ALL the modern gadgetry of hero worship in the 1960s should not obscure the fact that the ancient prototypes are still with us. Cinderella masquerades as the self-made man—Franklin, Lincoln, Henry Ford, Al Smith, or Jimmy Hoffa. Cincinnatus emerged in a time of crisis to save Rome; Washington, Wilson, and Roosevelt followed the same pattern. Born during the Enlightenment, our Republic accepted the idea of the "natural man." Daniel Boone, Andy Jackson, Buffalo Bill Cody, John Henry, and the cowboy are examples. More American than most, though not without European counterparts, is the cracker-barrel king type. Davy Crockett was our best nineteenth-century example. Mr. Dooley, Huck Finn, Uncle Remus, Will Rogers, Little Orphan Annie, and the Beatles have all carried on.

Still, American heroes are frequently mavericks. Consider a colonial example, Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Massachusetts. Made a "Lord" by his own decision, he sold warming pads to the West Indians at an enormous profit and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrote *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones* (1802), which had no punctuation. When it was criticized on this score, Lord Timothy got out a second edition with a page of punctuation marks at the end, so readers could "pepper and salt it as they please." With the Beatniks, eccentricity has reached the point of grotesqueness.

American heroes can be classified regionally. Uncle Sam, Old Stormalong, Daniel Webster, and Sam Patch belong to the Northeast; Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and Andy Jackson to the Appalachian; John Calhoun, Jeff Davis, the Southern Colonel, and Uncle Remus to the South; Buffalo Bill, Bigfoot Wallace, Jim Bridger, and the cowboy to the West. A state may have a hero of its own, as the number of "favorite sons" statues demonstrate. Where the crop of historical heroes is insufficient, substitutes are invariably fabricated. Witness Texas's Pecos Bill and New York's Sam Patch.

There is no direct correlation between success and fame. Robert E. Lee, a failure, is a hero; James K. Polk, in some ways our most successful President, is not. Neither is Arthur, certainly the best President ever made out of mediocre material. But Grant, whose administration was filled with scandal and graft, is a hero.

Different age and ethnic groups select their own idols. The adolescent's favorite, used as a model to foster virtues of one sort or another, is carried over into the matinee idol, the movie or TV star, and the sports champion. These vary from sublimated sexual satisfaction, to transfer of personality, to vicarious achievement. They are carefully manipulated by manufacturers so as to conform with the ideal of the moment. The exploitation of personalities, continuous throughout American history, has reached a new peak with the teen-agers of today.

BEHIND every hero stands one or more hero-makers. A few of these enthusiastic reputation-mongers become famous in their own right. Most people know how Parson Weems helped spread Washington's fame. But who has heard of the trio (Ned Buntline, Prentiss Ingraham, and John Burke) that popularized Buffalo Bill? Few admirers of Captain John Smith can identify W. W. Henry, Charles Poindexter, and John Esten Cooke; yet they revived Smith's lagging legend. William Cameron and Harry Bennett helped decide what type of Henry Ford would be put on public display. A Yankee whose family made Massachusetts history for generations, Charles Francis Adams, did more than any Southerner to convince America that Robert E. Lee was a great figure. A tenderfoot lawyer from the East, Emerson Hough, and a seasoned Texas cowpoke, Charles Siringo, made Billy the Kid America's favorite desperado. Almanac writers who had never seen Davy Crockett created the Republic's greatest ring-tailed roarer. Hero-makers are names on the cultural map that make the trip to the final destination intelligible.

AMERICA is too diverse and pluralistic to be brought into sharp mental focus; but a single American can be. Through hero appreciation we leave our stuffy backyards and conventional suburbs to regain a sense of the world's bigness. In so doing we transcend ourselves. In times of crisis we turn to the solidity of a Lincoln or Wilson; in times of peace, overcome with patriotic nostalgia, to a Grant or Eisenhower. They are not mere period pieces. Their essential qualities are barometers to national meaning. A fine twentieth-century poet, Wallace Stevens, said it best:

> The hero is a feeling, a man seen
> As if the eye was an emotion,
> As if in seeing we saw our feeling
> In the object seen and saved that
> mystic
> Against the sight, the penetrating,
> Pure eye.

Now, surely, we have come back to the man with whom we started—John F. Kennedy. Did we not see in him our feeling; and was not he (for friend as well as foe) the penetrating pure eye to the world around us? What that eye saw did not always please Kennedy or us. Terrifying irrational problems came up. Some of them (like Cuba) were badly bungled. The unfinished business of America was far from finished when he died. Will we find a new creative synthesis in which the spiritual substance of the East and the material and social forms of the West converge? Can we mean what we say and say what we mean? Will there be a way to avoid the despair and disintegration of which Existentialism is both the symptom and the possible remedy?

How can we live, freely and gracefully, in a mass society that is compartmentalized, competitive, anonymous, specialized, and status-hungry? What is the remedy for apathy, callousness, and dissociation – dramatically symbolized in the murder of Catherine Genovese, a young woman bludgeoned to death recently while more than three dozen onlookers did nothing? A. M. Rosenthal documents the case in his new book, *Thirty-eight Witnesses*. It shows that the New Frontier is not *out there*, but *right here*. "I always thought that if I wrote a book, it would be about India or Poland or Africa or Japan or some other faraway place I've spent some time in," Mr. Rosenthal said in a *New Yorker* interview. "But here I end up writing one about Austin Street, in Queens." He does not have to go far to find unfinished business.

In the final analysis, isn't it the unfinished and unfulfilled aspect of the whole Kennedy story that best identifies it with our lives, our policies, our age?

What America seemed to discover last November 22 was the fact of death—and (O tempora!) on television. Lincoln's generation had met it elsewhere—on the battlefield. But the martyrdom of Lincoln and Kennedy wrought a similar culture shock. It was based in both instances on the unfulfilment of the President, which the nation suddenly recognized as its own unfulfilment.

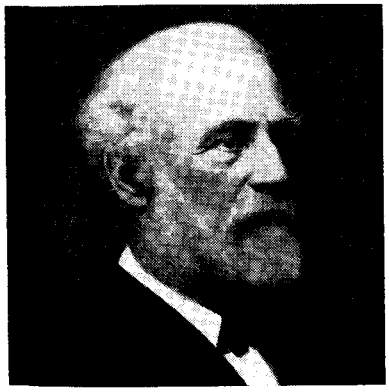
THEN, those indescribable three days we all spent in front of our television sets. The central character in the drama, as David Bazelon pointed out, was the coffin. It hypnotized the camera, just as the camera hypnotized us. In the last great act, we saw thousands of Americans filing by the coffin under the camera. "I thought I had never seen the American people before," Mr. Bazelon wrote. "Could these really be the persons one passes on the street every day? These are accidental encounters, but here the camera presumed to select and sum up for you. As befits a democratic art, the greatest moment was reached when the chorus spoke."

Now that speech, like the fragmentary Presidential term allotted to Kennedy, is over. The drums beat and the flags wave again. Some men coin slogans while others unearth and publicize "the facts" that would change our minds and thus our history. Some of those facts will surely involve and probably indict John F. Kennedy. No matter—he has already joined the caravan of heroes. Emerson is right: "Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sign?"

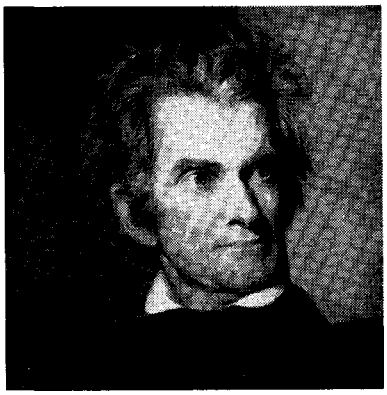
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Varieties of the Hero

How many can you identify? Answers on page 27.

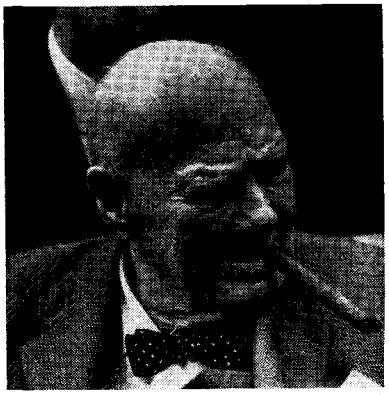


1

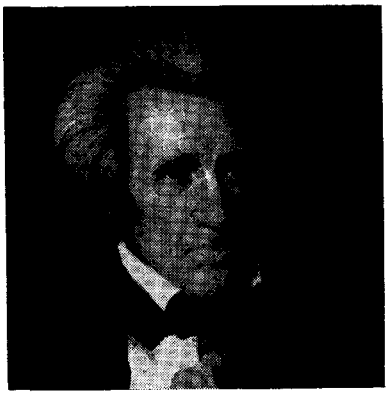


2

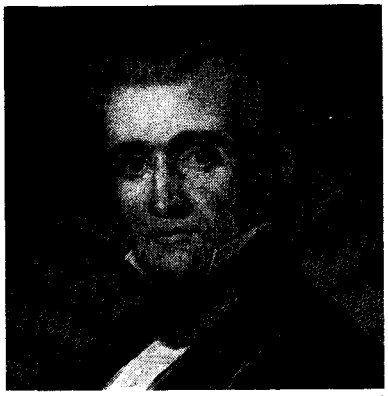
3



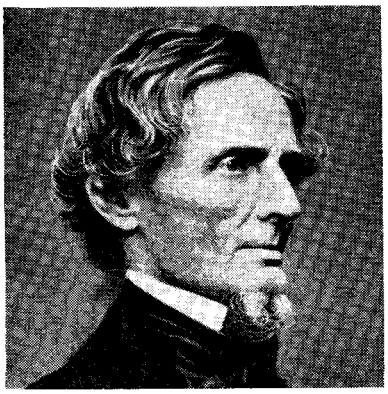
4



5

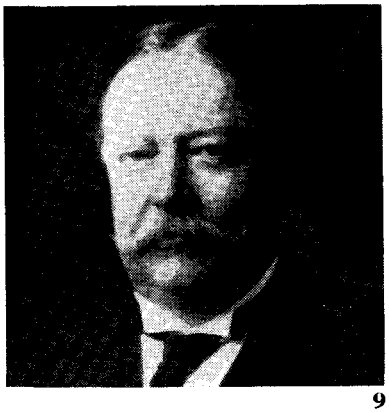


6



7

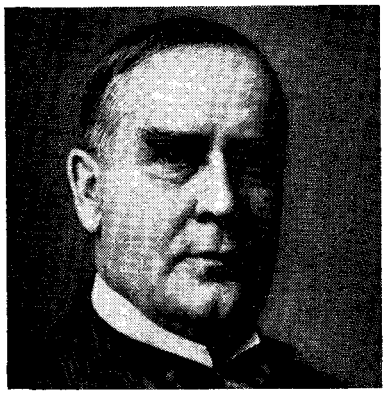
8



9

10

11



12

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

If Good Men Do Nothing

WHEN Edmund Burke wrote two centuries ago that all that was necessary for the triumph of evil was that good men do nothing, he had in mind electoral reform, long overdue, that would bring his beloved English political system back to the principles of Magna Carta: freedom of speech, freedom of press, and above all freedom honestly to select true and proportionate representatives in Parliament. At a time when fraud and corruption in one form or another sickened decent people, this early champion of democracy asked that no good man forsake his duty to the cause of the freely elected and truly represented.

The American people, waiting between nominating conventions, will soon be asked not to forsake a duty of equal weight and importance: they will have the chance to select a President for four long years and his government for the next two. They will be asked also to root out fraud and treachery at the polls, to be acutely sure not to deprive any candidate of his true measure. It will, largely, be up to good men, aware of their duty, to see that this is done. In the 1960 Presidential election, suspected frauds in depressed areas of Chicago, among the Indians in New Mexico, and in many parts of the Deep South probably altered the true total Presidential vote, which was close enough to have such alteration mean a great deal to either side. The final vote in 1960 was 34,227,096 to 34,108,546, in favor of the Democrats, but had the Republicans cast but one more vote in each precinct in the United States they would have won by 46,616 instead of losing by 118,550, although the electoral vote might not have been greatly altered. The Honest Ballot Association estimates that in the 1960 elections at least 2,000,000 votes were subverted by one form of fraud or another.

The chief debate over the principle of the ballot has always centered upon its secrecy. In totalitarian countries new ways are continually found to evade even nominal secrecy, though a pretense is always made of a free, private ballot. Were a truly secret ballot to have been used in Hitler's early Germany, or Stalin's Russia, or Castro's Cuba, or any of the Iron Curtain countries overrun by Communism, no such obviously rigged returns as 97.5 per cent in favor of the regime would have been possible.

There are many ways of avoiding the truly honest ballot, of course. Intimidation is one, but there are others. Registrars have stuffed ballot boxes in small towns, gravestones have been voted in the anonymity of the great cities, and in the South today all manner of roadblocks are thrown in the path of voters perfectly qualified. Impossible illiteracy tests are the most common means of disfranchisement, now that poll taxing is illegal. The ballot itself can be counterfeited, tape can be stuck over a candidate's name, voting machine counters can be tampered with, and ballots still disappear. By repeat voting at more than one balloting place or under different names in the same district, by reporting fraudulent totals, by jamming the polls with slowdowns or in other ways delaying a voter's chance to exercise his franchise, dishonesty may triumph at America's polling places. By slashing the voting curtain, a machine politician in control of the mechanics in his district can tell precisely who voted for whom, with attendant intimidation and retribution. But all this is not possible when the Australian ballot is truly used.

The Australian ballot is the finest means yet devised for making an election totally secret and totally honest. All candidates are placed on one ballot and the voter need never disclose his party preference. The advantage is that the voter, in the secrecy of his booth, is compelled to make a personal and independent judgment of each candidate. Not only is the ballot perfectly hidden from prying eyes, but independence of judgment is paramount in the process of selection. By now, of course, every corner of the Union uses some version of the Australian ballot, though not everywhere in its pristine state or original form.

BUT the right to vote is also the right not to cast one's ballot, and we are not talking here about slovenly or negligent citizenship. Non-voting as a principle has flourished in the United States. A recent study at the University of Chicago reports some of the causes of non-voting as physical disability, legal obstacles, disbelief in platforms and promises, disgust with candidates or politics generally, disgust with the voter's own party, belief that a single vote counts for nothing, or that all ballot boxes are stuffed and that it is therefore useless anyway. Add to these causes a normal dose of ignorance and timidity, indifference to issues or candidates, or genuine disbelief in the voting process, and the right not to vote assumes formidable proportions. But it is a genuine right all the same and one that should never be foresworn in this country by making the ballot compulsory. It is as important to be able to refuse to vote as to guard the polling places from fraud and chicanery, though it is equally evil to avoid voting for reasons of indifference, sloth, or pique.

So we go back to our first thought: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing." If, because good men have done nothing, the candidates we must choose from are not fit for office, or their platforms are weak and reactionary, then the fault comes early—in nominating convention and party caucus. But if in the end there is a clear and honest choice of candidates and issues, then it is up to good men to see that the election is as honest as it can be made, through the greatest force for democracy the world has ever known: the free and secret ballot honestly cast by the greatest possible number of American citizens on November 3.

—R.L.T.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Quibbling Siblings

I SUBMIT THE following in response to the letter from Jonnel, Myra, and Benn You-Know-Who [*SR*, July 11]:

Unfeeling Monsters, fie and shame!
To so besmirch Papa's name.

"He switched our birthdays!" you explode.
(But oh, how fine the natal ode!)

And gleefully you shout his crime
In unison—*but not in rhyme.*

From offspring of so great a guy,
We all expect a better try.

Ingratitude's a sin, but worse—
You might at least complain in verse!

BARBARA GRIFFITH.
Wantagh, N.Y.

Kudos for Clark

SENATOR CLARK'S ARTICLE on Democratic liberalism [*SR*, July 11] is truly outstanding. . . . He has stated clearly and cogently what a liberal believes in, what he does not believe in, what he intends to do about implementing his program, and what he feels about the opposition. He has touched on all the salient points for and against liberalism so that no reader can feel he has ignored any of the ticklish issues.

The article is, in short, outstanding because even the stoutest conservative can quickly and clearly see what a liberal believes – regardless of whether the reader himself believes it or not. . . .

ROBERT O. WEISMAN.
Toledo, O.

Air War

THIS IS TO CORRECT for your readers the column by John Ciardi concerning aircraft used in South Vietnam [*SR*, June 13].

Referring to Eugene M. Zuckert, Secretary of the Air Force, your correspondent wrote: "I think Mr. Zuckert was caught picking his nose and talking through his hat at the same time. There is not a man in the Defense Department, Mr. Zuckert included, who does not know that the B-26 was a flying coffin on the best day it ever saw back in World War II, and that twenty years in mothballs have added nothing to the cause."

Correspondents accredited to the Defense Department know that the B-26 used in South Vietnam is not the B-26 of World War II. The latter was retired from active inventory after World War II and has not been used by the Air Force since. In 1947, the Douglas-built A-26, which had compiled a distinguished combat record in World War II and was highly regarded by the crews who flew it, was redesignated the B-26. This was the B-26 that was sent to South Vietnam after being modified and overhauled with particular attention given to structural integrity. In South Vietnam it has performed effectively and with combat loss rates lower than our experience in either World War II or Korea. . . .

JESSE E. STAY,
Colonel, USAF,
Office of Information,
Department of the Air Force.
Washington, D.C.

". . . the food is wonderful and they don't make you eat it . . ."

Something New

IT WAS A DELIGHT to find your new feature, *SR* RECOMMENDS, in the July 4 issue. I never realized how much I've missed such a service until I saw it in print. Thank you, and don't let anyone talk you out of it. We out here in the hinterlands need all the help we can get.

ILSE J. GAY.
Albuquerque, N.M.

Housewife's Dilemma

I AM SO WEARY of being constantly told by women such as Marya Mannes and Eve Merriam [*SR*, July 11] all about the dreary, unfulfilled lives we housewives lead. May I venture to suggest that the fault lies not so much in the job itself—for what could be more creative than the rearing of a child, the molding of a human life?—but rather, perhaps, in the failure of our society to appreciate this all-important job. Perhaps if we were told more often what a great, albeit difficult, job it is, and given more credit for the intelligence, patience, and creative ability expended on our homes and offspring, we would be less eager to give up and look for another job. It certainly doesn't help to be bombarded with books and articles downgrading our role and subtly implying that satisfied homemakers are less intellectual and creative than their unhappy counterparts.

Of course homemaking and motherhood may not be satisfying to every woman, but the fact remains that the vast majority of working mothers hold down jobs as sales-clerks, typists, stenographers, factory workers, and so on. These are not exactly highly creative endeavors and suggest to me that, instead of seeking fulfilment, most of these women, encouraged by what is becoming the prevalent feeling in our society, are merely escaping their responsibilities. Contrary to recently expounded myths, children still need someone to love and guide them at five or six or seven or beyond, and I have yet to hear of a truly adequate substitute for the family unit and mother love—and that includes Mrs. Merriam's fine-sounding but highly unworkable plan. To be human is to have unfulfilled yearnings of one kind or another. Let us not use this as an excuse to escape our responsibilities.

CAROL BEHRMAN.
Fair Lawn, N.J.

In Print or Not in Print?

IN THE JAMES T. FARRELL article in your June 20 issue Haskel Frankel states, quoting Farrell on the subject of his poetry: "None of it's been published."

Mr. Farrell's memory must be fairly short. In the first issue of *Genesis West*, the West Coast literary magazine of which I used to be associate editor, some of his poetry was published.

BARNEY CHILDS, Dean,
Deep Springs College.
Deep Springs, Calif.

Taxi Talk

A BIG LOUD HURRAH for Goodman Ace and his "Dialogue in a Taxi" [*SR*, May 23]. It's perfect—succinct, subtle, and yet straight to the point. His column is always good, but this one's a gem.

MRS. WERNER ARON.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case for Registering Guns

By TOM BATMAN

AN automobile is an agent of transportation. Even though it can kill, it is not made for this express purpose. Every citizen who owns one is required to register it. No one makes any fuss about it; it seems a reasonable thing to do.

A gun is an agent of death. It is made for one express purpose—to kill. There is no national law that says that every citizen who owns one is required to register it. What's more, whenever the subject is mentioned, a great outcry is made about constitutional rights. Gun registration is not recognized as a protection to the citizen.

What accounts for this inconsistency? Do gun owners who are not currently registered fear persecution or invasion of privacy? Do they fear that they will somehow become publicly linked with the criminal element of our society? Or do vested interests feel that their business and profits will be harmed by registration?

At the time of the death of President Kennedy, this subject was hotly debated. Today, the smoke has died down. This is unfortunate. New statistics indicate that it should again be scrutinized and that we cannot afford to let it die by inattention or be glossed over by the passage of time.

In his report to the House Subcommittee on Appropriations in January of this year, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, revealed some thought-provoking figures. For one thing, they indicate that the problem now is not "I didn't know it was loaded." It is far more serious, said Mr. Hoover. "We are living in an age where guns are being used in murders, robberies, and many other vicious crimes." To be specific: 8,400 people were killed wilfully in the United States in 1962 (latest figures available). More than half of these killings (54 per cent) were with the use of firearms, and of those killings 70 per cent were perpetrated with handguns such as revolvers.

Mr. Hoover states that the basic objection raised to gun registration is the argument (with which he does not agree) that under the Constitution one is allowed to keep and bear arms. We must support the Constitution, but not blindly, especially in the face of drastic changes in conditions. Everyone who knows American history knows that everyone in early days *had* to carry a gun—there were no police.

I suspect that our most honored patriots—fierce lovers of freedom such as Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and Andrew Jackson—would today endorse the idea of gun registration. To own an unregistered gun today is to act against freedom, not for it.

The following points were made on the *CBS Reports* telecast of June 10 on *Murder and the Right to Bear Arms:* Only seven states require a license to buy a gun, and although a recent Gallup Poll showed that 78 per cent of Americans are in favor of some kind of registration, the opposition is such that apparently there is little prospect that the measure will be enacted.

Under these conditions, then, could there be other, hidden reasons for opposing registration—logical or otherwise—reasons that cannot be publicly or directly stated? What are the *legitimate* groups that might lobby against—or be opposed to—this issue, out of what they consider to be a reasonable position?

IT would seem that the distinguishing feature of special interest here is hunting (with guns, of course). None of the people I know who are interested in hunting are unpatriotic; in fact, they are most likely to be what we call "red-blooded" citizens. Those who are opposed to gun registration are misguided, in my opinion, perhaps because they sense a vague threat of some kind of control over their vocation or avocation, as the case may be.

The plain fact of the matter is that people don't ordinarily go hunting with handguns; they hunt with rifles. And people don't murder, generally, with rifles; they murder with handguns. The statistics are indisputable. For this reason, gun and ammunition companies, editors of hunting magazines, writers of newspaper hunting columns, men who sell hunting licenses, and hunters themselves should take an active part in lobbying not against registration of arms, but for it.

It was only natural for the framers of the Constitution, in their circumstances, to feel that their fellow men should be allowed to keep and bear arms. This was as necessary in those days as the existence and effectiveness of the police force is in these days. But today the lack of strict legislation controlling firearms causes unnecessary difficulties to the police in the execution of their duty.

Mr. Hoover has pointed out that in the period from 1960 to 1962, 113 law enforcement officers were killed as a result of criminal action. Of those 113 murders, 109 were committed with guns, the majority of which were handguns.

In other words, many of the unregistered weapons we apathetically allow to be sold without restriction are turned against the very forces we rely on for maintaining law and order.

IS this a sensible position for us to take? Consider the differences related by Mr. Hoover in the cases of New York and Dallas with respect to gun laws. There are no gun laws in Dallas, although they do have some state firearms control laws; the laws concerning firearms in New York are rather strict, but even those require strengthening (new legislation is pending).

In 1962 there were 507 murders in New York City, and only 28 per cent were committed with a gun; in the same year, there were 103 murders in Dallas, and 67 per cent of them were committed with a gun. In 1963 the figures are even more disparate. In New York City, 25 per cent of murders were committed with guns; in Dallas, 72 per cent were committed with guns.

Clearly, stricter laws are urgently needed.

What can the concerned citizen do about this? Mr. Hoover believes that there should be a uniform statute enacted at state levels and supported by various civic organizations. The citizen can support Mr. Hoover's suggestion—write to Congressmen, enlist the aid of civic organizations, persuade friends to do the same thing. He can press the issue at both the federal and the state levels, knowing that the government will act when the public becomes sufficiently aroused.

He can also write to Senator Thomas J. Dodd, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C., in support of his bill, S. 1975, which would, among other things, curtail interstate shipment of guns.

We need new laws regulating firearms, and we can bring them to fruition if we do something about it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Critic in from the Cold

MYSTERIOUSLY, one morning during the course of the Fourteenth International Berlin Film Festival, held in West Berlin from June 26 to July 7, invitations emanating from East Berlin appeared in the boxes of several press representatives from various countries. The invitations stated that they and guests would be welcome at the Artist's Club in East Berlin that evening. An element of intrigue was thus added to the heightened festival atmosphere in West Berlin, where several theaters were given over to the showing of invited films and to an international film and television fair where distributors looked over a large crop of movies for possible import and export. Truth to tell, the invitations had been expected by some of the more knowledgeable of those attending the festival, for each year for the past few years, wall or no wall, they had arrived.

Curiosity led some twelve Westerners to cross over at Checkpoint Charlie or by way of the Friedrichstrasse Station of the S-Bahn into East Berlin. The border guards were polite, as though they, too, were in on the secret. The Artists Club was located no more than half a mile from Checkpoint Charlie in an old building with faded but comfortable furnishings. There, about thirty representatives of the East German film and theatrical professions offered food, wine, and conversation to the somewhat reserved visitors. The purpose was obvious: to let us know that the East German government was friendly to the film medium, that perhaps twenty-five films of feature length were being made each year, that hopes were high for increasing quality, that socialist artists were encouraged to express themselves freely, and so on.

The remarks were made with great sincerity. The wall? That was very sad, particularly for relatives on both sides. Why was it necessary? A shrug, a smile. . . . Life was good in East Berlin, and becoming better. The attractive wife of an East German film director said she had a fine home in the suburbs and a swimming pool. She stressed the swimming pool. "Of course I am a Communist," she said demurely, as though wondering if the statement would shock an American. She was very frank; she had, as a girl, belonged to the Hitler Youth. An attempt was made later in the evening to foster gaiety, and a few of us went along on a conducted tour of East Berlin night life, which, on the whole, struck us as dispiriting. "What strikes you most about East Berlin?" asked a Communist actor. "The extraordinary number of parking spaces on the streets," mused one of the reporters, city-bred obviously.

West Berlin, on our return, had a renewed look of liveliness, comfort, and prosperity. Moviegoing was resumed, and so was partygoing. There were small, intimate parties, large parties, and balls —and just as well. For the festival movies, with a few exceptions, failed to cause much enthusiasm. Seen in so concentrated a dosage, they made one wonder why a mature and sophisticated medium should produce so little excellence. The two stand-outs were the American-made *The Pawnbroker*, directed by Sidney Lumet (with a brilliant acting performance by Rod Steiger), and Satyajit Ray's *The Great City*. Each would have done well in any international competition. Conspicuous by their absence were entries from the Eastern bloc, with the exception of a Polish documentary. Several very good short films accompanied the feature presentations, and these managed to show more artistry than the more pretentious contenders for the prizes.

The audience reaction to *The Pawnbroker* was in itself interesting, as was the fact that it was premiered in Berlin, for it dealt with a victim of the concentration camps who led a benumbed life in Harlem as a pawnbroker, and whose memories of the horror-filled past keep breaking through into a drab present. The movie's theme had to do with the return of feeling to the old man's shocked sensibilities, but many German critics chose to regard it as another reminder of Nazi brutality, with the implication that such possibilities for violence existed in the United States, too. Oddly enough, on the next evening a German-made film called *Gentleman's Excursion* provided an even more pointed reminder of the past. It portrayed a tourist party of well-heeled members of a German glee club on holiday in Yugoslavia. When they take a wrong turn they find themselves in a village most of whose adult males were shot for partisan activity during the war. Too contrived to be very convincing, it nevertheless contained some strong self-criticism of German attitudes past and present. This the audience swallowed with only one or two audible gasps.

The award of prizes cast doubt on the validity of giving prizes at festivals, for the Golden Bear went to a Turkish film, *Summer Drought*, which is technically satisfactory but almost laughable for its content, a melodramatic mélange about a country water-hoarder and his evil ways. The nine-member international jury was roundly and deservedly booed. The unofficial party-giving prize went to the Argentine delegation. The American delegation, headed by Sidney Poitier, limited in its entertainment functions by Congressional fund strictures, gave a bare little international reception at which Mr. Poitier made up for lacks in tangible evidence of hospitality with his warm graciousness. At the end, the hardy travelers of the film festival circuit were speaking hopefully of the more promising entries at the next major stop, Venice. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

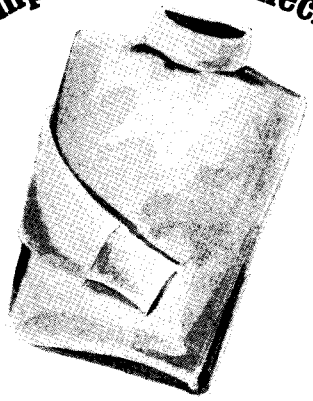
EXERCISE IN TITTERATION

Spurred on by William R. Coleman, Jr.'s "Exercise in Sibilation" (see SR, April 4, 1964), Laurel Shackelford of Metuchen, New Jersey, was prompted to devise a similar puzzler. This time, you are asked to create a new set of words by adding (or inserting) *-tt* as a unit to the score of words below. You may rearrange the basic word in any way you choose. (Example: flare, flatter; rope, potter.) Answers on page 29.

1. bearer
2. boiler
3. clues
4. cruel
5. deep
6. eels
7. erose
8. feral
9. lace
10. learns
11. lobe
12. neap
13. pearls
14. pyre
15. races
16. sedate
17. smears
18. store
19. toiles
20. weal

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imported Turtleneck



Imported from Europe for every member of your family, our soft cotton turtleneck jerseys have lightly elasticized collars and cuffs. Children's in white, red, sky blue, black, navy, forest green; sizes 6-14, $3.00. Women's in black, white, forest, yellow, Swiss blue, sky, wine, pink, navy, beige; sizes S, M, L, $4.00. Men's in black, white, forest, yellow, Swiss blue, wine, charcoal, navy; sizes S, M, L, $4.00; XL, $4.50. Postpaid.

Send for free Catalog.

The Talbots
Hingham 50, Mass.

JUST PUBLISHED
Senator J. William Fulbright's
OLD MYTHS AND NEW REALITIES
A brilliant, jarring, "unthinkable" book that may change the course of American Cold War politics. Cloth $3.95; Vintage paperback $1.45. RANDOM HOUSE

Your Postmaster Suggests:

ALWAYS INCLUDE
YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER
IN YOUR
RETURN ADDRESS

Divorce, Moorish Style

THE New York Shakespeare Festival Theater presentation of *Othello* is unusual in that it offers us an Othello who suffers not from jealousy but from madness, and a Iago who is not calculatingly evil but merely hotheaded. As the Moor, James Earl Jones starts out grinningly, as if he were sure that his goodness would shield him from any unjust treatment. When insulted about his color, he merely blinks away the hurt. Being a powerfully-built man he could successfully respond with violence, but that is a course of action he prefers not to try until the white man's respect and friendship have proven untrustworthy. At this juncture he is riding the crest of his military victories on behalf of the Venetian state, and topping it all is his marriage to Desdemona, who prefers him to the suitors of her own race.

While he cannot be sure of everyone's lack of bias, the most trustworthy of all his white friends is none other than "honest Iago." For Iago is so unable to control his emotions that everything he says seems uncalculated and sincere. Indeed, it is because he lacks savoir-faire and the ability to present a false front that Othello keeps him a sergeant and promotes the elegantly-mannered and sophisticated Cassio to be his lieutenant. He thus angers Iago, who goes on gradually to discover that the very differences that cost him his promotion can be exploited to destroy both Cassio and Othello. For if Othello believes the handsome Cassio to be adroit and able to hide his true emotions, Othello will also be more inclined to believe that Cassio has cuckolded him. Conversely, Othello's conviction that Iago lacks these qualities will make Othello more inclined to trust whatever lies Iago wishes to tell him.

Such a conception makes Iago more understandable and even sympathetic, but it turns Othello into a victim of faulty reasoning rather than of his capacity for passionate feeling. There is, for instance, no bitterness in Mr. Jones's delivery of Othello's first soliloquy after Iago has aroused his suspicions. A little later, when he does explode at Iago, he turns into a scowling, rasping but not very frightening portrait of confusion. When he does give in to his "blackness," he does so abruptly and arbitrarily. Mr. Jones simply illustrates for us a nominal reversion to primitive behavior. (His fit is perhaps the mildest on record, since he suffers it in a sitting position and lapses quickly into a stupor.) However, Mr. Jones does have two moments of his true power. The first comes when he slaps Desdemona in public, as if she stands as a symbol of all his betrayed hopes. And the second comes when he chases her upstairs, picks her up as though she were a mosquito, and flings her onto the bed to strangle her. Thus, this Othello seems more angry at the white Venetian society for having taken him in than he does remorseful about his misused passion.

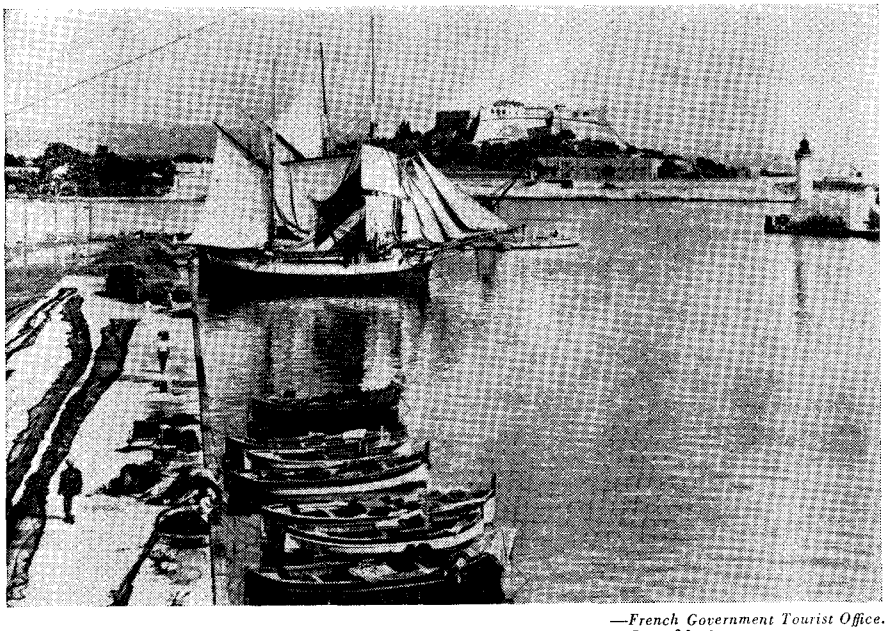
Under Gladys Vaughan's direction, the production is stronger physically than vocally. Both Mitchell Ryan, who makes an otherwise impressive Iago, and Mr. Jones speak the verse as if it were a nuisance. Equally forbidding is Julienne Marie, who, though she makes a lovely and graceful Desdemona, speaks each line as if it were a divine affirmation of her unsullied virtue and proper sentiments. The best combination of good speech and genuine behavior is supplied by Sada Thompson, who plays Emilia. Miss Thompson's delivery of the speech about the double standard is the most truly touching instant in an evening whose frequent vitality and fresh interpretation only partly compensate for its deficiencies.

FOR a better understanding of what everyone seems to agree is the most modern approach to Shakespeare in today's world, *Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company 1960-63* (Theatre Arts, $7.95) is highly recommended. Not only do the excellent photographs and cast listings make it a handsome and complete souvenir of this company's vital new operation (which comprises Shakespeare and modern playwrights at Stratford-upon-Avon and in London), but the book also contains two fascinating essays. In one, Peter Hall explains his company's hard-won policies that have changed it from just one more Shakespeare factory into the most vital new force in the British theater. In the other, playwright Robert Bolt makes a profound and hardboiled exploration of Shakespeare's qualities to suggest which have the most relevance to theater and theatergoers today.

As for the whole British theater, it is pleasant to report that *Theatre World Annual 1964* (W. S. Heinman, $10) has expanded from the smaller size of its thirteen previous volumes so that its hundreds of photographs can be reproduced in a size and manner that give a truer impression of the actual productions. —HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eden on the Rocks



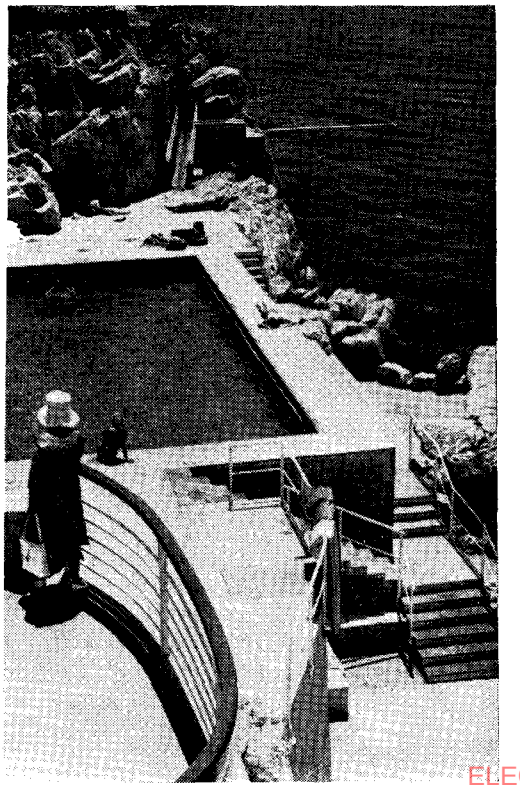
—*French Government Tourist Office.*

Antibes on the Riviera—fishermen, painters, and café-sitters.

IT IS a good thing, if you are on your way to Paris, to read Hemingway's remembrances of things past collected in the book called *A Moveable Feast*. There is a certain strange nostalgia that Paris evokes, and you continue to feel it long after you are through being outraged by the prices, annoyed by the taxes, and offended by the insufferable independence of Charles of Gaulle. There is nothing that dulls it forever, really, neither offense nor time. There is a certain bittersweet aria that wafts through the trees when they are in leaf, filters through the cafés when the tables are set outside, and fairly steams from the banks of the river and the pebbled walkways of the parks. Nor must one's memories be entwined with Scott and Zelda or Joyce and Pound in order to sense it.

Eden Roc—retreat for the *soigné* set.

—*H. S.*



The few days in Paris have, as they always do here, produced unforgettable tableaus. I count among them the old general with the homburg, the russet tweed jacket, the riding breeches and puttees, bustling across the Rond-Point, a dainty package from the *patisserie* hanging from his finger by a long string. How elegant he was, how proper, how perfectly transformed from another age. And what of the girl with the long hair eating a huge salami sandwich at a brasserie, stopping in mid-bite to kiss her escort, then resuming the attack on the loaf? Or the tourist—was he English?—who fed his nostrils a pinch of snuff while waiting for the elevator in the Galeries Lafayette.

These were the pleasures of Paris on which we feasted, and will feast until snow swirls and even after. But time and schedules pressed us as they always do, and one morning we braved the cantankerous chief of waiters in the dining room of the Plaza Athénée and breakfasted there with Elisofon, had our pictures taken with the Eiffel Tower in the background, urged him to come south and run with us, which he never did, and then got into a cab and sped out to the airport.

I can make no journey to the Riviera without recalling my trip there in mid-war when Cannes and Antibes and Juan-les-Pins and Nice were a long and lovely rest area and you got seven days there and didn't have to wear a tie or cap or salute anybody. You rode the bucket seats of the DC-3 straight from Munich, and if you were lucky you checked into the splendor of the Carlton in Cannes, where your parents stayed when you were a kid in summer camp. This time I came roaring out of Orly in a Caravelle, and there seemed barely time for lunch, a civilized exercise laid out by Air France that included three miniature hot dogs that were hot, slices of roast beef that were cold, a salad of green beans and carrots, butter and cheese in separate silver wrappings, mustard in small tubes, and drinking water in tuna-fish-sized cans decorated with a complete plan of the snowy mountains that provided the source.

We were on the ground at the big airport at Nice in what seemed hardly more than an hour, and the Hertz desk, in a procedure hardly different from that at home, had assigned us a car and we rolled off toward Antibes. The fishermen were busy in the old port of the Greeks, and the painters were busy, too, and so were the café-sitters. The yachtsmen were not so busy and a whole forest of masts rose out of the quays, where parking space was at a premium. We came up the hill and along the narrow seaside roadway of the Chateau Grimaldi, once a castle of a relative of Rainier's, then through the pines and the villas, past Krupp's splendid white mansion sitting on a lush lawn by the edge of the sea, to the Hôtel du Cap, a splendid cream-colored building gay with bright awnings and shutters set in the splendor of its own private park. The park spreads off in all directions with huge shade trees and trimmed hedges, but from the terrace of the hotel a broad promenade runs straight and purposefully to the rocky cliffs that border the Mediterranean, and to that aquatic playground called Eden Roc, which in its time has attracted the social gamut from Aristotle (Onassis) to Zanuck (Darryl).

Although it is over ninety years old, the Hôtel du Cap and Eden Roc remain one of the great elegant resorts of the world. Opened by Russian princes for the winter season of 1870, it has been a rest home for artists and writers of *Figaro*, a haven for the war-weary, and a retreat for the *soigné* set of two centuries. It found its first success in 1888 when Antoine Sella took over the staff—twenty-five servants, five white

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horses, and a one-eyed English doctor, agreeing to manage the place for 10 per cent of the receipts. One day James Gordon Bennett arrived for tea. He was the dashing son of the immigrant publisher who, in his own right, had sent Stanley off to find Livingstone and had founded the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. A dashing and impetuous sportsman, Bennett engaged a whole floor of the hotel for his sister and gave Sella a 10,000-franc deposit on the spot. Bennett's chance arrival was the beginning of a list of celebrities and world-famous figures who have been coming to the Hôtel du Cap ever since. There were only the wars to interrupt. The first one brought the Red Cross girls who were billeted here as a rest camp. After they had spent the summer, they convinced Sella that the Riviera ought to be a summer resort, too, not merely a winter sanctuary for the British and the Slavic princes escaping the rigors of the weather.

In the mid-Twenties the Riviera, with the Hôtel du Cap as its social leader, blossomed into a premier playground. Gerald and Sarah Murphy came and brought the Fitzgeralds. As Hemingway recalls in *A Moveable Feast*, Fitzgerald laid the failure of his working habits to Paris: "He thought of the Riviera as it was then before it had been all built up, with the lovely stretches of blue sea and the sand beaches and the stretches of pine woods and the mountains of the Estérel going out to the sea. He remembered it as it was when he and Zelda had first found it before people went there for the summer."

Picasso came and Otto Kahn and Hollywood, and as the Thirties bloomed there were Claudette Colbert and Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald and Charles Laughton. Young John Kennedy swam there as a child and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor honeymooned at the hotel and Lloyd George came to write his memoirs. Pictures in the scrapbooks show a young Bea Lillie with her young son Lord Peel, killed in the Second World War. And when the Allies finally landed, the Hôtel du Cap became a hotel for generals. When the word was passed that Eisenhower was coming for a reunion with seventeen generals, André Sella, son of the founder, threw up his hands. He had one bicycle, no staff, and the best silver and crockery were hidden away in the hills. Worse yet, there were 650 mines in the gardens. "The next day I had a hundred people working in my garden," he recalls. The army could do that. They found a plan of the mine fields, but at that two American soldiers were wounded taking the mines out. Ike stayed two nights, but before the war was out 135 generals had checked in.

After the war a new crowd came and Zanuck held court in his straw-lined cabana. Rita Hayworth stood up the Shah of Iran and met Ali Khan. And *Life* came down and did eight pages of American café society on location—Elsa Maxwell and Jack Warner, Zanuck and Orson Welles. Not many years later came the new postwar wealthy. Olivetti bought a seven-room villa with a pool for $1,000,000. Dubonnet sold his villa to a German for $1,000,000. And then there was the president of Simca and *his* million-dollar villa; and at the end of the point near the last of the Eden Roc cabanas, which are sprinkled around the shoreline with discreet yardage between them, is the Quandt house, owned by the son of Mme. Goebbels by her first husband, who is said to own 15 per cent of Mercedes. Quandt has a private harbor, but his neighbor has brought in a reported 1,000 truckloads of earth to plant olive trees that will annoy him by spoiling his view.

THROUGH all this, with great serenity, walks André Sella, wearing a business suit and a big broad-brimmed Provençal hat and looking as if he had walked out of Renoir. He was born in his present office in 1889 and come November he will be seventy-five. His daughters have married men who are not interested in the hotel business, and he is left with a premier hostelry, still fashionable and chic and expensive. He is looking for a buyer and it is said that he wants $1,000,000, a magic figure in sunlands that surround Antibes.

While waiting and pondering, Sella has amused himself by turning a tower near the edge of the property into a naval museum that has become one of the fine attractions of Antibes. It charges one franc for bipeds and one franc for cars, and it otherwise supports itself by selling books and reproductions of naval documents and plastic ships coated with silvery metal. There are ships and paintings of ships and modest dioramas depicting small moments of history such as the arrival of the *Suffern* after her glorious campaign in the Indies in 1783, and Napoleon arriving on March 1, 1815 at Golfe-Juan, just down the road, to begin the epic Hundred Days.

Much of the tower portion of the museum is devoted to Napoleon, who is pursued as a hobby by Frenchmen with the avidity displayed by fly fishermen in the United States. Cartoons of the day, collected for display in the tower, indicate that the political penmen of the day were, if anything, more savage than they are today. One that represents his possible musings while in exile on Elba shows him viewing himself first as a cruel tyrant ("What I was"), then as a "sniveling wretch"

(*Continued on page 47*)

Which came first: the golf ball or Gordon's Gin?

Golf dates back to the 15th Century when a ball stuffed with feathers was used. In 1848 the "guttie"—a hard, moulded ball that was the direct forerunner of our modern golf ball—was introduced in Britain. In London, 79 years *before* this innovation, Alexander Gordon perfected his formula for a special gin. Today, golfers the world over relax at the Nineteenth Hole and enjoy the delicate flavour and distinctive dryness of Gordon's Gin. In fact, some claim that Gordon's offers them considerable consolation as they total their score. No wonder it's the biggest seller in England, America, the world!

PRODUCT OF U. S. A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Children and Others," by James Gould Cozzens
24 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel
26 Daniel: Dialogues on Realization, by Martin Buber
27 Decision at the Chesapeake, by Harold A. Larrabee
28 The Great Gates: The Story of the Rocky Mountain Passes, by Marshall Sprague
28 American Extremes, by Daniel Cosío Villegas
29 The Uncertain South, by Charles O. Lerche, Jr.
30 Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation: The Story of the Emancipation Proclamation, by Frank Donovan
31 All Women Are Fatal, by Claude Mauriac
32 Confabulario and Other Inventions, by Juan José Arreola
33 American Philanthropy Abroad, by Merle Curti; An American Epic: Vol. IV, The Guns Cease Killing and the Saving of Life from Famine Begins, 1939-1963, by Herbert Hoover; Where Did Your Money Go? The Foreign Aid Story, by Andrew Tully and Milton Britten; Witness for Aid, by Frank M. Coffin
34 Checklist of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Adventures Into Awareness

ALTHOUGH his reputation has been based entirely on his novels, James Gould Cozzens has been publishing short stories for more than thirty years, and now he has published a collection of seventeen tales called *Children and Others* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95).

More than half the stories are concerned with youthful experiences. The central character is usually a boy brought up in a reasonably well-to-do and rather stuffy middle-class home, and the story as a rule tells of his discovery of something about himself and about life that he has not known before. In "Whose Broad Stripes and Bright Stars," for instance, through contacts with Germans, a boy becomes conscious of his being an American. In "The Animal Fair" a boy is instructed in the nature of malice. In the best of the stories, "Total Stranger," the boy is traveling with his father when the latter encounters a woman whom he has not seen in many years. Although it is clear to the reader that the father and Mrs. Prentice were once in love with one another, the boy knows only that his father is complicated and mysterious in ways he had not suspected: "I went down slowly, gravely and bewildered, thinking of my father and how extraordinary it all was; how different he seemed, and yet I could see, too, that he really hadn't changed. What he said and did was new to me, but not new to him. Somehow it all fitted together. I could feel that."

In this story the boy is attending a preparatory school named Durham, and there is a reference to the headmaster, Dr. Holt. Several stories that follow are laid at Durham Academy, and Dr. Holt emerges as a formidable figure, not wholly unlike Dr. Prescott in Louis Auchincloss's *The Rector of Justin* (*SR*, July 11). (Cozzens attended Kent, whereas Auchincloss went to Groton, but there have been many legendary headmasters in the New England preparatory schools.)

In reading the four stories grouped under the title "Away at School," I am struck by Cozzens's affirmation of what I can only think of as prep school values. There is the story of Smith III, who was a troublemaker and felt the headmaster's wrath. Become a famous alumnus, he proposes to take revenge on Dr. Holt, but, like Baalam, blesses when he has intended to curse. There is the story of Pickering, who has a miserable first year and then finds himself looking back on it with pleasure. The other two stories, I am happy to say, are somewhat less hackneyed, and one of them, "*Candida* by Shaw," is moderately funny.

There are two stories concerned with the Civil War. One is a straightforward description of military action. The other is a touching account of the disappointments of a veteran who, twenty years later, revisits the site of a battle in which he was seriously wounded. The theme isn't new, but Cozzens develops it effectively.

The section called "Love and Kisses" contains four stories that could appear in any slick-paper magazine. One of them, "Farewell to Cuba," has a trick ending. Another, "My Love to Marcia," depends heavily on coincidence. The least conventional of the four, "Every Day's a Holiday," has a certain vitality.

The last story, "Eyes to See," was written recently, according to the dust-jacket, and has not been previously published. It is like the early stories insofar as it has a fifteen-year-old schoolboy as its central character, but here the narrator is describing events from the point of view of maturity. Dick Maitland, now a grown man, tells how he was summoned home from prep school, just at the end of an exciting football game, because of the illness of his mother. She died before he reached home, and he describes the strange emotions that overcame him at the funeral:

> I wasn't ready, but I was getting ready, to be able to understand that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this multitude did, indeed, set out to attend another funeral, not my mother's. Only I could attend *that*. These others were attending the funeral of a woman I never knew; and one (though living most of my life in her house with her) I never had eyes to see.

Dick, speaking now as an older man, tells what sort of woman his mother appeared to be to her contemporaries. He describes the relatives at the funeral, all of whom the fifteen-year-old boy was beginning to see in a new light. And there is the climactic revelation when he hears an aunt and uncle making love.

This is a longer story than any of the others, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why it is better than most of them. Cozzens doesn't seem quite happy with the short story. He needs room for a leisurely development of characters and situations, and in his novels he sustains this kind of development with excellent effect, but he has found no equivalent for it in the short stories.

THE novel is his forte, not the short story. The best of Faulkner's short stories are just as good as the best of his novels. Many critics believe that Hemingway reached his peak in certain short stories. Flannery O'Connor, Bernard Malamud, and Eudora Welty—to name but a few contemporaries—excel in the short story. But Cozzens rarely rises above the level of competent craftsmanship. The best short stories have meaning behind meaning; there is always more than meets the eye. Most of Cozzens's stories stay close to the surface.

I was one of those who admired *By Love Possessed,* though not so ecstatically as John Fischer and Brendan Gill. In fact, I have admired most of the novels Cozzens has written. He is a tremendously conscientious craftsman and a sound observer of contemporary American life. What has bothered me, however, has been the absence of emotional power. His leading characters, with one or two exceptions, live mostly rational lives, and he writes about them in a calm and rational way. But in *By Love Possessed* characters are driven by subrational forces, which Cozzens makes the reader feel, and that is one reason why I was enthusiastic about the book.

This collection of stories will not detract from his reputation, but I doubt that it will add much to it. The last story, as I have tried to suggest, goes a little deeper than the others, and it is the only story I should like to reread. In the others there are many fine perceptions but not one blinding revelation. The Cozzens enthusiasts, who are numerous, will have to wait for the next novel, which is said to be near completion. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

ON THE FRINGE

What's in a Name or Two?

I HAD spent a good part of the day rehearsing my subject's name so as to make no mistake when I met him. It was time wasted. Everything went out of my mind when he opened the door to his Fifth Avenue apartment. I was staring at a man a little over six feet tall with extremely blue eyes and a jaw line wrapped in a gray beard. ("I have had this beard more than I haven't had it.") He was quietly dressed in suntan slacks, mocassins, and an electric blue sweatshirt with a phrenology head on the chest and the word "THINK" in large black capitals over it. "My at-home working costume," he said in a soft voice. I believe something within the beard smiled.

He looked like an undernourished saint or, perhaps, a radical about to bomb something terribly chic. "Mr. Tennis," I murmered politely as he ushered me into a long, modern living room. "Mr. Danner," I corrected myself and then gave up. "I don't know what to call you. You write under at least two names, don't you?"

I was wrong about that. There are six names that make up his life. His real name is Edward Everett Tanner III. Most of his friends know him as Pat Tanner. As Patrick Dennis ("I found him in the phone book.") he came to world attention with *Auntie Mame* and has just published *First Lady: My Thirty Days Upstairs in the White House.*

He is also Virginia Rowans, author of *The Loving Couple* and other books. That name derived from Virginia Rounds, the brand of cigarettes Mr. Tanner smoked. When he offered the pseudonym to his publishers at the time, Rounds was filtered to Rowans.

Then there is Lancelot Leopard, Ltd. ("Lancelot Leopard doesn't write; he copyrights."); Desmond LaTouche ("when I designed book jackets"), and Sarah Brooks ("when I didn't make a sorority for *Mademoiselle* magazine").

Why all of these aliases? "I like privacy, though I suppose I am about as private as the subway system. Every year I give up something else. I no longer go to the theater. I gave that up after being drama critic for the *New Republic*—that was 1957-1958. I had it up to here. Most of the time the snow outside looked better than what was going on inside.

"I don't go to parties any more. And I'm down to at-home parties of no more than six people. I won't go on radio or television. I have an unpleasant voice, I think. In any case there are writing authors, and there are talking authors. I'd rather be a writing author."

—*Photos from the book.*

The authoress, Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield.

I checked out some early Tanner-Dennis history. Was it true that he had trouble getting *Auntie Mame* published? He nodded. "It went through fifteen publishers in over five years before it was taken. You know, it's amazing the way unfavorable readers' reports disappear from a publisher's files after a book becomes a success."

Is it true that he is the only man to have three books on the best-seller list at one time? "*Auntie Mame* by Patrick Dennis, *Guestward Ho!* by Barbara Hooton and Patrick Dennis, and *The Loving Couple* by Virginia Rowans. But it was a lousy idea. You're competing with yourself in the bookstores. The public can take just so much of you."

At that moment the telephone, by the windows at the other end of the living room, rang. When the blue THINK sweatshirt caught the sunlight, the effect was blinding. After a moment, Pat (I've just put myself on first-name terms with him) returned. "That was the mother of a sick schnauzer," he explained.

"Oh," I said, stalling for time until I could see again.

When I could, I brought up the point of my visit, to talk about *First Lady,*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a spoof autobiography. Like its predecessor, *Little Me*, it is the memoir of a nonexistent lady, in this case Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield, First Lady of the United States for thirty days. She has "told" her story to Patrick Dennis. Both books are illustrated with photographs by the dancer and portrait painter Cris Alexander.

"I once seriously ghosted so I know how it works. After I did *Guestward Ho!* with Barbara Hooton—she's a friend—I was flooded with ghost offers. There was an interior decorator, and a member of an all-girl band—I think she was a tuba—and I don't know what else. The letters came from women mostly—there were some men, of course. The women were all bored housewives whose kids were in school. They were a little sick of the P-TA and especially sick of themselves. They wanted a little glitter of their own.

"These parody memoirs are a cinch. Most people who write their autobiographies—I don't mean Churchill or somebody truly important—are parodies in themselves. I am awed by their *chutzpah*. That they think anyone would pay a dime to read their dreary little lives!

"*Little Me* began with an ulcer attack. I was so bored. When I thought up the idea, I called Cris Alexander—it was after midnight—and told it to him.

"The way we work these things is to begin with an outline and a list of pictures to go with it. The pictures are more important than the text, yes they are. In fact, if Cris comes up with a very funny picture, I'll change the text to fit it. Cris does all the casting for the stories. He's much better at it than I. The people who pose get one dollar and all the refreshment they can hold.

"Did you know that Belle Poitrine's writing style in *Little Me* is exactly like Fanny Hill's? The ladies have other things in common, too. That devastating gentility!

"Research isn't too difficult. I do it mostly at the Society Library on East 79th Street. It's society of the 400,000 type. You can find out so much from old telephone books. Picture props come mostly from the Brooklyn Museum. As to my writing, I go by what makes me laugh. If I don't think it's funny, I don't see why anyone else should. And maybe no one else does.

"I'd like to do a male autobiography sometime but females are given to much more florid writing.

"Cris and I are going to write a musical-comedy version of *First Lady* ourselves. After *Little Me*, I want the next show to be at least something like the book. When we do it, we plan on the same four actors who posed for the book's pictures. That's Peggy Cass as the First Lady, Dody Goodman and Harold Lang as her sister and brother, and Dagmar as the President's mistress."

Dinwiddie - Butterfield Enterprises—the Board of Directors.

Aside from the musical version of *First Lady*, other writing projects include a novel called *The Joyous Season* for Harcourt, Brace. "It's about two children on the East Side of New York City whose parents are divorcing. After that, there's one for Dutton called *Tony*. He's a kind of *schlemiel*, more likable than *Pal Joey*.

"*Tony* is my own idea. I mean, so many books of mine are born over lunches. Editors take me to lunch and come up with ideas I might not have gotten myself.

"And there's another musical, *The Good, Good Friends*. One thing I like about writing for the theater, there's plenty of time with a musical to run up a novel while the other people involved are messing around."

At about this point, I decided to call it quits. I had run out of questions and paper. " I hope I've given you enough usable stuff," Mr. Tanner-Dennis-Rowans-LaTouche-Brooks-Leopard said.

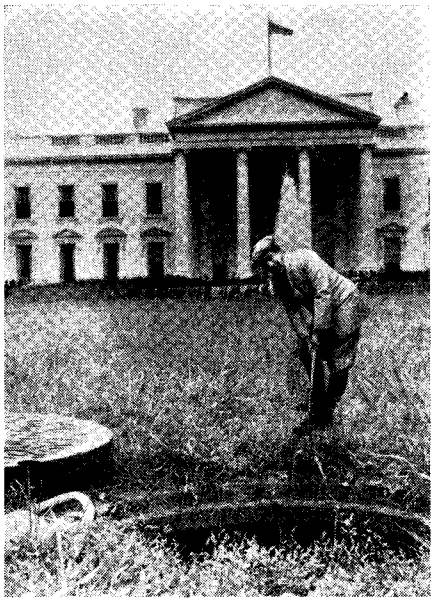
"If you need to fill up space, you can say that I am trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. That should be good for another six lines."

I'll vouch for all of those qualities in Mr. Tanner's makeup with the possible exception of reverent. That one I'll THINK about as soon as the world stops looking electric blue to me.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Washed into the White House on a tide of Lohocla Indian Spirit Water (190 proof and guaranteed to kill or cure), the Butterfields from Pellagra County were washed out again when the missing New York vote turned up in Lohocla's Brooklyn warehouse. But neither tragedy nor treachery nor the Communist-inspired Pure Food and Drug Act could wilt the *joie de vivre* of Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield. Now peacefully retired at Bosky Dell Home for Senile and Disturbed, she tells all to Patrick Dennis in *First Lady* (Morrow, $6.95).

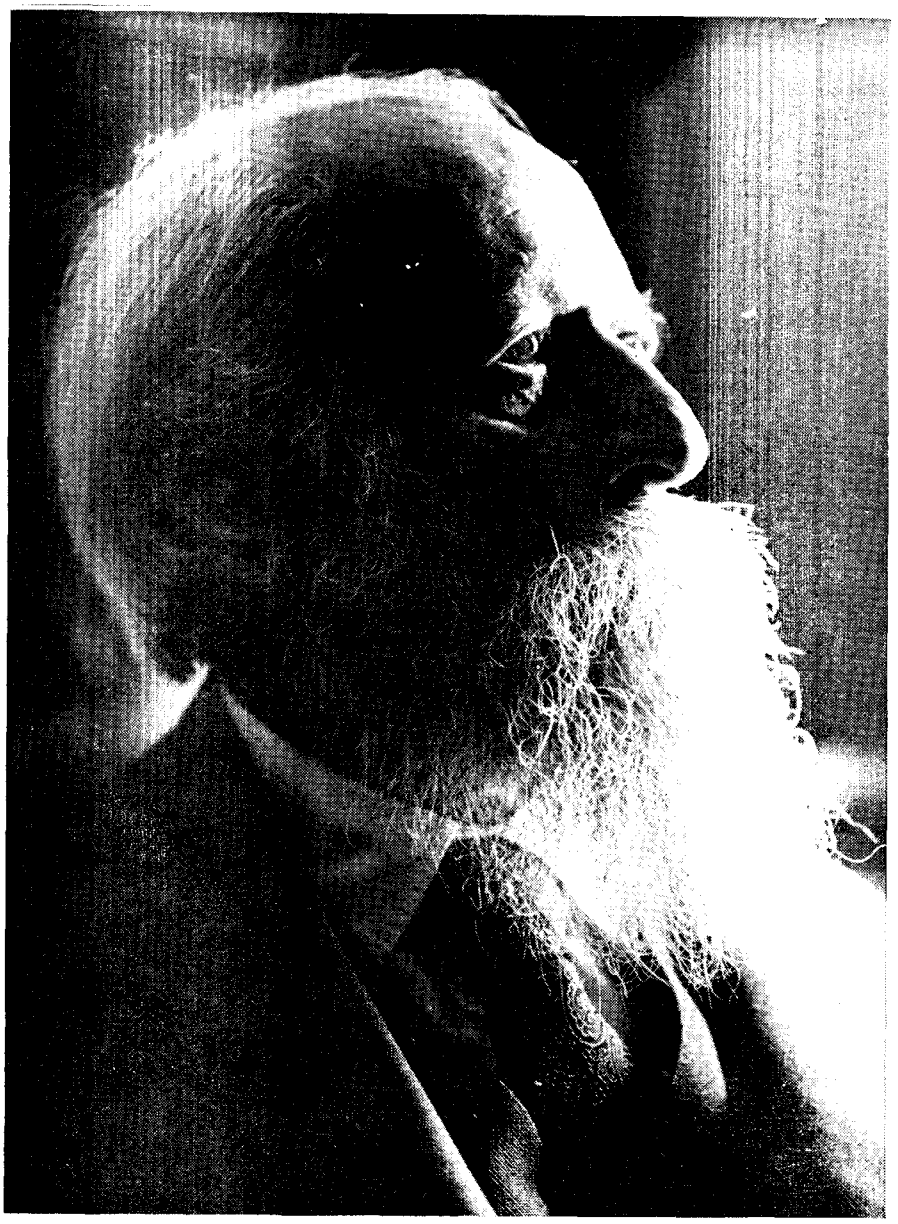
"My darling mother-in-law."



The late President George Washington Butterfield.

Martha Butterfield and the "other woman," Gladys Goldfoil.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Camera Press (Pix).

Martin Buber—"en route to a philosophy of dialogue."

A World to Make Real

Daniel: Dialogues on Realization, *by Martin Buber, translated by Maurice Friedman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 144 pp. $4), juxtaposes two possible relationships of man to his experience: "the orienting or classifying and the realizing or making real." Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn is the author of "Man's Best Hope."*

By ROLAND B. GITTELSOHN

IT IS seldom easy to understand Martin Buber. One sometimes wonders whether the considerable cult of his devout followers is a response to his doctrine or a reaction to his personality; an evaluation of what he believes and writes or an appreciation of a truly rare human being, an emotional rapport with the poetry he writes and is.

Daniel is no exception to the rule. Even Maurice Friedman, the most loving and faithful of Buber's American disciples, is constrained to admit that "there is much in *Daniel* that is beclouded with esthetic language and a very special and subjective mystical emotion." In a valiant effort to dispel at least some of the cloudiness, Dr. Friedman has written an introduction almost half as long as the text itself. In it he explains why he persuaded the author to permit publication for the first time in English translation of a slim little volume that appeared initially in 1913. He was moved not only by the undeniable fact that Buber has achieved a status in contemporary thought which makes even his earlier writings significant, but more specifically by a desire to show how *Daniel* is a bridge between the earlier Buber and the creator of that philosophy of dialogue which has intrigued so large a part of today's theological world.

Daniel, in short, is a transitional rather than a seminal work. It consists of five short conversations between Daniel and as many friends. Perhaps it may best be designated a philosophy of realization en route to a philosophy of dialogue. Exactly where the two part company—or, indeed, whether they are mutually exclusive—never becomes completely clear, even after Dr. Friedman has explained that half a century ago Buber espoused the cause of unity through realization—the "realization of God through man"—while today he speaks of "meeting what is over against us," the "meeting of God and man."

What is clear, however, is that Buber here juxtaposes two possible relationships of man to his experience: "the orienting or classifying and the realizing or making real. What you experience, doing and suffering, creating and enjoying, you can register in the structure of experience for the sake of your aims or you can grasp it for its own sake in its own power and splendor." This much we can understand and accept. But what does it then mean to say that "he who has direction and practices realization, to him the deed is not limited by causality and evolution; he feels himself free and acts as a free man"? Or that "realization relates each event to nothing other than its own content and just thereby shapes it into a sign of the eternal"? True, Buber has earlier conceded that there is no such thing as a purely orienting or purely realizing man—that each of us is a combination of the two—, but it remains difficult to grasp why even in our capacity as realizers it becomes necessary to relate each experience to nothing other than itself.

What can it possibly mean to say that any human deed "is not limited by causality and evolution"? While it would make sense to declare that the deed is not *strictly limited to causality* and that on the truly human level of realization evolution has emerged into a dimension where inflexible causality is interrupted by freedom, this is quite different from what the dialogue itself seems here to convey.

Indeed, Buber contradicts himself on this point, the more glaringly because the antipodes occur in two successive sentences. The first reads: "The awakened man is independent of all, not at one with all." The second: "The genuine, completed unity can be nothing other than the man all of whose tension is unified and in whom the world unifies all its tension." If the unifica-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the world's tension within the individual does not bespeak the most intimate, integral kind of relationship between man and his world rather than naked independence, it is difficult to comprehend just what it does mean.

Another aspect of the orienting versus the realizing personality merits exploration. Those in the former category are aptly described as wanting "to know where they are; they do not want to be under way but at home; they want to be provided for and insured; want a solid general truth that will not let itself be overturned. . . ." The realizing man, *per contra*, "does not want to know where he is; how could he, for he is not always at the same place but is ever at the new, ever at the uttermost." He welcomes becoming rather than having, danger in preference to security. "He knows no security yet is never unsure; for he possesses steadfastly that before which all security appears vain and empty: direction and meaning." Aside from the question whether it is possible to possess direction and meaning without knowing where one is, there is an element of irony in the fact that Buber himself is cited today as often as anyone in contradiction to those who prefer danger over security in theology. True, he is not to be condemned for the use—or misuse—to which others put his views. Yet it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that part at least of the blame must be assigned to confusion within his own thinking.

There are individual passages in *Daniel* that are of such perceptive insight and poetic beauty as to be worth reading on their own. One is Daniel's description, near the beginning of Dialogue Two, of what he was able to give to and receive from those whom he encountered in a city crowd. Another, in the dialogue with Reinold, speaks of the awakening garden and its effect on Daniel the beholder: "The trees condemn him who is not upright and attentive; the flowers judge him who does not open himself and submit himself to the sun; and he who does not know the peace of becoming, against him every blade of grass raises itself like a flaming sword." There are enough such precious passages to make the reading of *Daniel* an enjoyable and profitable experience even for those who fail fully to understand it, or who, understanding, cannot altogether subscribe to its tenets.

Identification of pictures on page 15: 1. Robert E. Lee; 2. John Calhoun; 3. Ulysses S. Grant; 4. Winston Churchill; 5. Andrew Jackson; 6. James K. Polk; 7. Jefferson Davis; 8. Franklin D. Roosevelt; 9. William Howard Taft; 10. Victor Hugo; 11. David Crockett; 12. William McKinley.
Photo Credits: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, and 12 from Bettmann Archive; 4 and 8 from Pix; 9 from Historical Picture Service.

Beginnings of Victory at Sea

Decision at the Chesapeake, *by Harold A. Larrabee (Clarkson N. Potter. 317 pp. $5), describes the victory at sea which led to the independence of the United States of America. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph B. Mitchell wrote "Decisive Battles of the American Revolution" (a companion piece to his Civil War book), and the forthcoming "Twenty Decisive Battles of the World."*

By JOSEPH B. MITCHELL

THERE was only one important naval battle in the American Revolution. Yet, as Harold Larrabee writes in his introduction, "Not many Americans have ever heard of it." The engagement "does not even have a name that is generally accepted. You will find it called the Battle of the Chesapeake, of Chesapeake Bay, of Lynnhaven Bay, of Cape Henry, and of the Capes of Virginia."

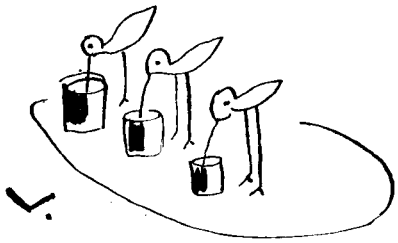
When we Americans think of our first wars at sea, we recall with pride the exploits of John Paul Jones in the Revolution, and the achievements of individual ships, their captains and their crews, in the War of 1812. However, there is little mention in our early history of sea power, or control of the sea, because our navy had no large warships capable of confronting the immensely powerful ships of the Royal Navy. Therefore, Americans are naturally inclined to think of the Revolution primarily in terms of land battles and to forget the part that sea warfare played in the founding of this nation.

Mr. Larrabee's book is an effective reminder. He describes clearly, concisely, and dramatically how the French fleet came to the Chesapeake to seize control over the waters in that region, the battle that ensued, and the siege that followed. The book is well planned, ably presented, and skilfully written; the author's enthusiasm for his subject is infectious. We must surely agree that this battle was one of the decisive engagements of the war. But I cannot agree with the statement "It was the one decisive engagement of the bitter six-year struggle." This would imply that Trenton, Saratoga, and Guilford Court House were not decisive. The fact is that France would not have been in the war at all if it had not been for Saratoga; there would have been no French fleet at the Chesapeake, no French army at Yorktown. Nor, as the author points out, would Cornwallis have marched to Virginia if it had not been for the Battle of Guilford Court House.

Putting such reflections aside, the story presented is a lucid, accurate analysis of the events leading to the surrender, told in a convincing manner. There is a fine description of ships of the line (the battleships of the day) and of the officers and sailors who were forced to fight in them. Then, under the heading "Architects of Defeat," appears a series of excellent word pictures of King George, his principal ministers, generals, and admirals. The French and American leaders are introduced as "Architects of Victory." Their ideas, backgrounds, concepts, and personalities are carefully woven into a narrative of the problems facing each, a description of the war in the Carolinas, the defeats and victories that brought Cornwallis into Virginia and thence to Yorktown.

The account of the arrival of the navies at the Chesapeake is especially interesting because seldom has fortune appeared to favor one side so much over the other; while the description of the battle won by Count de Grasse is a model of exposition. It is rare, indeed, to find an explanation of naval tactics of a bygone era so ingeniously interwoven into a description of a battle; it reads almost like a novel.

The narrative then turns back to the land to describe the plans of Washington and Rochambeau, the march south to Yorktown, its siege and surrender, ending with a lively apportionment of "the blame and praise." Mr. Larrabee is to be congratulated for his admirable contribution toward a better understanding of American history, his careful appraisal of the role of our French allies, and his demonstration of the importance of sea power in our struggle for independence.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Giant Stride Over the Rockies

The Great Gates: The Story of the Rocky Mountain Passes, *by Marshall Sprague (Little, Brown. 468 pp. $7.50), evokes a wild, far-ranging day, when giants strode the Rockies, Santa Fe, and Tetons. John K. Hutchens's memoirs of his boyhood, "One Man's Montana," will be published by Lippincott September 28th.*

By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

THERE were giants in the old Western American and Canadian earth, and a good many of them spent their prime and time finding new or at least better ways across the mountain barriers that stood between them and where they wanted to go. Where they wanted to go was, for the most part, westward.

Almost invariably they got there, one way or another, from Captain Hernando de Alvarado, in the service of Coronado down Santa Fe way in 1540, to doughty operators of Model T Fords pushing over the Rockies in the 1920s. Now Marshall Sprague—with the authority, style, and skill that in *Money Mountain* and *Newport in the Rockies* established him as an engaging historian of the American West—tells their story, and that of the passes which challenged them.

All the familiar names are here—Lewis and Clark, John Charles Frémont, Zebulon M. Pike, Jim Bridger—as well as a number of important ones with whom the most devoted pathfinder buffs may not be acquainted. Even when he is writing of the titans Mr. Sprague offers some data that will be new to many. For instance, are all mountain pass fans aware that Captain Pike "neither discovered nor climbed nor named" the peak that bears his name? That when Robert Stuart came upon Wyoming's great South Pass, and put countless future argonauts in his debt, he did so by something like accident?

They didn't always know just where they were, but that was a flavorsome aspect of their wild, far-ranging life. When Jim Bridger discovered the upper end of Salt Lake in 1824, he tasted it and said, "Hell, it's the Pacific Ocean!" But old Jim was not much farther off the beam than Lewis and Clark when, reaching the upper Missouri River, they thought themselves within striking distance of the mouth of the Columbia.

The trailblazers didn't do it all for fun, of course. Some of them were soldiers on duty. Others were working for the railroads. But Mr. Sprague leaves no doubt that most of them lived the life they led because no other would have seemed tolerable to them. Back in New York City John Jacob Astor, king of the fur trade, was sitting in his counting house, counting up his money. Out in the Rockies the kind of trapper who might have been working for him was another kind of king. He might, Mr. Sprague observes, "smell a bit strong" and not be able to read or write, but "all twenty-four hours of any day belonged to him alone, and he owned a million square miles of a high, beautiful paradise where he might lose his scalp but never his self-respect."

In time the pass-finding craft became more scientific and sophisticated, a development reflected in the Nice Nelly-ish change of certain place names (in Colorado, Son-of-a-Bitch Hill became Blue Mesa Summit). Nor does Mr. Sprague, for all his lively affection for the old days, scorn progress. Indeed, he finds that the new school of topographers who came out from the Eastern universities in the 1870s were better mountain men even than Frémont. Maybe so, though there are old romantics among us who still would have preferred the company of Lafayette's Paris-born protégé, Louis Eulalie de Bonneville, West Point graduate, Bowery bum, and early wanderer in the mighty Tetons, or William Gilpin of Colorado, who dreamed of a railroad from Denver to London by way of Bering Strait, Moscow, and a tunnel under the English Channel.

Unaware of the footsteps in which their gas-driven wheels follow, the tourists today slide blithely over the trails the early-day giants hewed. Those who tour along with Mr. Sprague in these pages, which are both guidebook and history, will know better, and be properly grateful.

Politics Down Mexico Way

American Extremes (Extremos de América), *by Daniel Cosío Villegas, translated from the Spanish by Américo Paredes (University of Texas Press. 227 pp. $5), considers Mexico vis-à-vis the U.S., Cuba, Korea, and Latin America. Selden Rodman is the author of "Mexican Journal: The Conquerors Conquered," "Haiti: The Black Republic," and "Quisqueya," a history of the Dominican Republic.*

By SELDEN RODMAN

ALMOST without exception, Latin American intellectuals fall into two categories, both essentially conformist and therefore ill-equipped to solve their countries' problems—or ours. In the first category are those without official position or affiliation: Marxists for the most part, pro-Castro and often pro-Soviet, anti-North American. Those in the second category tend, from background or temperament, to have the same biases, but speak moderately in the familiar tones of Western liberalism and international good manners.

Daniel Cosío Villegas is an intelligent spokesman for the second species. Teacher, economist, founder and director of many distinguished journals and cultural bodies, he has been president of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, and was recently appointed chairman of the Council's Coordinating Committee. His collected papers (1945-1960) deal with Mexico *vis-à-vis* the United States, Cuba, Korea, and Latin America generally. To none of these confrontations do they contribute an original idea or insight. Sr. Cosío is at pains to warn against Communist dictatorship and the necessity of containing it, but in his essay on the Korean War he has nothing to say about the plight of South Korea or of President Truman's response to it, asking only (and not answering) the question: "Does the United States defend interests which are similar or identical to those of Mexico or Latin America?" His thoughts on the subject of *Fidelismo* are equally ambivalent: Latin America applauds Castro's social revolution and his defiance of the United States, but as long as man thinks he can live by bread alone he is "capable of selling his soul to the devil or his freedom to Communism"; the only hope, therefore, is a "reconciliation" (terms unstated) "of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States and Latin America."

The author recognizes that Mexico's labor unions are corrupt, its farmers indifferent to planning in their behalf, the one-party government bureaucracy dishonest, inefficient, and a total failure in giving personal or public freedom any outlet through political action; yet Sr. Cosío offers no alternative to rule by a complacent oligarchy. He concedes that North American political institutions provide a "stability" conducive to democracy, but he does not analyze those institutions and implies that our superior economic well-being derives only from our superior natural resources and "materialist" greed; one would not guess from reading these essays that the United States had any culture of its own or that the export of American ideas would be less than disastrous to Latin America's "interior gladness of the spiritual."

Obviously, it would be worse than useless for a North American intellectual, tainted with imperialism and untainted by culture, to explain his country to the Mexicans, still less to write objectively about Mexico. Isn't it about time, though, that a Mexican intellectual looked at Mexico with his eyes open and heartily blasted everything worth blasting—from the CGT (the dominant labor union) to the PRI (the official political party), from the servile press to the moribund social-realist painters, from seedy Vera Cruz to vulgar Acapulco—not excluding the timid Mexican intellectual himself?

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. barrette. 2. libretto. 3. scuttle. 4. clutter. 5. petted. 6. settle. 7. rosette. 8. flatter. 9. cattle. 10. slattern. 11. bottle. 12. patten. 13. prattles. 14. pretty. 15. scatter. 16. attested. 17. mattress. 18. totters. 19. stiletto. 20. wattle.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1095

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1095 will be found in the next issue.

ZAQAFK GXT MOMB CMXZL LA

BMCMCQMB AB HZOMZL GDXL

DM FHF GIILD MOMBK RMZL.

SBATL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1094

The minority is sometimes right; the majority always wrong.

—SHAW.

Changing Voice of the Dixie Vote

The Uncertain South, *by Charles O. Lerche, Jr. (Quadrangle. 324 pp. $6.95), sees the present backsliding from the traditional Southern internationalist position as "a resurgence of 'poor-white' rebellion." Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is an editorial writer for the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

A SECTION largely dependent upon commodity exports, the South has looked outward, and generally has taken positions on international issues appropriate to an outward-looking region, supporting President Wilson over the war and the League of Nations, FDR's cautious advance to intervention, General Marshall's plan for European recovery. Indeed, in certain Southern circles one still hears an occasional chuckle at the expense of those mythic rubes from impossible outposts on the plains whose "isolationism" and xenophobia are taken for granted.

In this informative and occasionally irritating book Charles O. Lerche, Jr., who teaches at the American University, Washington, D.C., has stored up several unpleasant surprises for complacent Southern internationalists who assume the eternal durability of their position.

By meticulous analysis of the voting records of Southern Congressmen (Senators excluded), Lerche establishes that over the decade 1953-62 the South, while wielding only a quarter of the votes in the House, cast half the total isolationist (he prefers "unilateralist") votes. He documents the Southern delegation's sudden *volte-face* in the mid-Fifties, from strong support of to strong opposition to foreign aid—a rebellion partially, but only partially, stemmed by President Kennedy's restoration of party discipline in 1961. He shows that the "solidity" of the Southern House delegation disguises a considerable variety of foreign policy attitudes, shading from the "ideologists" of the Right through several degrees of pragmatism to the all-out "multilateralists," who firmly support the Administration position.

Lerche's chief statistical discovery, perhaps, is that the most stable internationalist constituencies are those who conform more or less to the national norms of per capita income. But many constituencies at both poles, internationalist and isolationist, are stagnant (and often inattentive) one-party districts that permit an admirable but precarious independence—and have yet to reach a dependable equilibrium. This is the "uncertainty" suggested in his title:

"Can you spare a cup of something cool and refreshing for an old hermit?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the South holding the balance of power on crucial foreign policy votes, its present drift into isolationism is of serious national—and international—concern.

One might quibble a bit with Lerche's method. For instance, it is strange to one who follows closely the noisy campaign in Southern textile districts against "two-price cotton" to read that the statistics disclose little or no correlation between protectionist pressures and the growth of Southern opposition in foreign affairs. This is surely a statistical illusion. Too, a more thoroughly controlled study of foreign aid voting might have taken greater account of direct economic interest, since even its State Department friends often defend the foreign aid procurement program as a small pork barrel.

STILL, there is much in *The Uncertain South* that is of immediate factual interest. It is when Lerche ceases to be coolly statistical that he, like many students of Southern behavior, begins to display the characteristic fascination-repulsion syndrome. His purpose, he announces, is "description and analysis, not condemnation or exhortation." Actually he blends the two, his statistical discipline occasionally collapsing in gasps of exasperation at the South's "festering pessimism" or "philosophical view of violence"—qualities which, to say the least, defy the statistician's measure. The trouble is that these bursts of judgment tend to undermine the lofty detachment of the tables of figures, causing the detachment itself to seem something of a pose. Certainly when Lerche shifts from the dry voice of the quantifying social scientist to the more natural (and more interesting) voice of the political pundit he emerges as simply another commentator with another theory of Southern behavior.

His theory is that the South's rapid backsliding from the traditionally internationalist position betrays a resurgence of "poor-white" rebellion. Thus, the changing votes of Southern Congressmen on foreign policy questions are "less a judgment on the nature and course of world affairs" than "a reflection of what is happening at home." What is happening is, in his view, a "poor-white *crise des nerfs*."

Lerche has read and taken to heart the received literature on Southern populism and accepts it as the key to Southern political behavior. Here, then, is another indictment of that Southerner, variously described as "redneck" or "wool-hat boy," who foolishly makes common cause with his economic oppressors just so long as the prize is a feeling of racial superiority. Certainly there is substance in the indictment, and Lerche is right in believing that it ramifies into international issues. More than one Southern politician—and more than one Deep South governor—enjoys a certain notoriety these days by attributing the shabby miseries of his poor-white constituents to sinister foreign manipulators. As this is written, Governor Wallace of Alabama is in North Carolina, attributing the Civil Rights Bill to Communist-fronters. This is an old theme indeed, ready-made for the South's (and perhaps the nation's?) white proletariat, who are persuaded by it that the guardianship of racial "purity" is of overriding political concern.

Lerche's remedy for this situation is familiar: the South, to support a more stable foreign policy vote in the House, must modernize, industrialize, urbanize—in short, be uplifted. One must hope the remedy is indeed that simple; for this is where most of us came in.

That First Step Toward Freedom

Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation: The Story of the Emancipation Proclamation, *by Frank Donovan (Dodd, Mead. 146 pp. $4), suggests that our best ideals can be translated into action only through a political process which is usually slow and often sordid. William B. Catton is co-author of "Two Roads to Sumter."*

By WILLIAM B. CATTON

MOST Americans develop a nodding acquaintance in school with the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. Thereafter, unless they directly affect us, we tend to put these documents conveniently out of mind. This is unfortunate but understandable, since as a guide to conduct their message is apt to seem irrelevant, impossible, or downright embarrassing. Yet they are crucially important. If failure to apply them honestly should become a habit, democracy's essential values would be lost, quite possibly forever. The darkest stains on our record are there because we temporarily gave priority to other values, and on the two occasions when our survival as a cohesive society has been most gravely threatened—a century ago, and again today—the issue, at bottom, was how to apply extensively principles that mean nothing if the rights they confer are not universal.

Sooner or later, examination of these questions must involve Abraham Lincoln, whose unassailable claim to greatness is often for reasons more subtle and complex than those normally invoked. Frank Donovan has provided such an examination in his concise, well-written study of the Emancipation Proclamation. The book includes brief background chapters on the develop-

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Abraham Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation: a Southern view, by A. J. Volck, 1862.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of American Negro slavery from colonial times, the controversy over slavery during the early national period, and various causes of the Civil War. The author then probes in more detail Lincoln's complex attitudes toward race and slavery, the steps that led to the drafting and issuing of the famous Proclamation in 1862-63, and the final legalization and completion of the emancipation process by Constitutional amendment in 1865.

Mr. Donovan is at pains to keep the record straight. Lincoln and the Republican Party were initially pledged to contain but not abolish slavery. Except for a small abolitionist minority, Northerners (including Lincoln) viewed the Civil War as a battle for Union rather than freedom. But emancipation sentiment grew as the conflict proceeded; and the war, with an irreversible logic of its own, began to destroy slavery almost by accident. The timing and scope of the Proclamation largely reflected political, military, and diplomatic considerations. In spite of being constantly denounced by abolitionists, Lincoln refused to act until his political sense indicated that the Union war effort would be strengthened rather than weakened by a move against slavery. Then, and then only, did he proclaim January 1, 1863, as the day when "all persons held as slaves within any State . . . in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, henceforward, and forever, free."

Since the Proclamation was deliberately applied only to the yet unconquered Confederacy, it actually freed no slaves at all. Its significance, the author rightly concludes, was as an unmistakable affirmation of intent: "the decisive step which led to the ultimate extinction of human bondage in the United States. For this reason—and not because, of itself, it freed the slaves—it ranks only below the Declaration of Independence as a milestone on the road to freedom."

This is a thoughtful and timely volume. It suggests, for instance, that our noblest ideals can be translated into effective action only through a contradictory political process which is usually slow, often sordid, and consistently less than noble. Lincoln's greatness lies precisely here; his eloquent reaffirmation of America's highest principles was combined with a deft mastery and appreciation of the cumbersome process by which ideals approach reality, and he recognized that ideals and process are allies, uneasy but inseparable. Moreover, emancipation was merely one step along a road that still forks. The choice that confronted Lincoln's generation confronts our own, and Lincoln, as usual, phrased it perfectly: "We can nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

Live a Little, Die a Little

All Women Are Fatal, *by Claude Mauriac, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Braziller. 308 pp. $4.95), broods over human insignificance and attempts to find in the sexual act an antidote to death. Leon S. Roudiez teaches contemporary French literature at Columbia.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

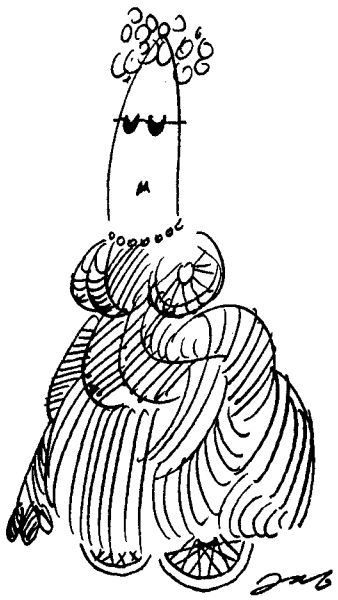
THE NARRATOR of *All Women Are Fatal,* the same Bertrand Carnéjoux who is the "I" of Claude Mauriac's other novels, comments, as he happens to see the first movie of a now famous director: "René's done better ones since."

The remark fits this first novel very well. In spite of the qualities exhibited here, those of Claude Mauriac's three subsequent works of fiction that have been translated into English, *The Dinner Party* and *The Marquise Went Out at Five,* are definitely superior. Readers sometimes suffer from the mistakes of publishers who fail to spot the most promising first novels: they must then watch the budding talent after they have seen the flowering of a mature work. In the case of *All Women Are Fatal* the contrast is not so considerable as it often has been, for Claude Mauriac was already a mature man when his first novel was published: at forty-three he also had many volumes of criticism to his credit. Undoubtedly inhibited by his own father's success as a novelist and unwilling to write anything resembling François Mauriac's famous tales, he did, in 1957, bring out this very different work.

As much dominated by rigorous intellect as his father's books were by violent, instinctive passions, *All Women Are Fatal* is meticulously composed, full of "scrupulous correspondences" and "subtle balances"—"a real game of patience for careful readers." The words are from the novel itself, for Claude Mauriac likes to have his narrator-novelist, who discusses a novel he is hoping to write, give us the key to the novel we are reading. "My book could be started anywhere, read and reread in any direction. Essay more than a novel, an *Essay in the Form of a Novel,* perhaps." This sort of thing makes for a fascinating game of patience indeed; but there is another side to the coin: what fascinates the mind might not always attract the heart.

We meet here, among a host of others, most of the characters who will figure prominently in the later novels, but we are not much affected by what is hardly more than a succession of names. There is little rapport between them and the narrator, who ruminates on his anxiety in Rio, Paris, New York, and prewar France—little rapport, it seems, beyond matters of sexual involvement. Within the novel's frame of reference, this is as it should be. Carnéjoux, still a bachelor, notes that all women are interchangeable; as for himself, "nothing distinguishes [him] from the boys of [his] generation and of [his] class." His obsessive enumeration of women and sexual encounters, however, while giving a rather primitive or even bestial representation of the well-to-do, produces nothing lewd or titillating. What informs the book, saving it from being merely the account of a retarded adolescent's search for personal gratification, is the narrator's constant preoccupation with death, his realization that he is going "to grow old and die without the world being the poorer for it." Bertrand Carnéjoux, flitting from one woman to the next, seeks, beyond physical pleasure, what he calls "the frontiers of death."

Those who have liked the later novels will want to read this one in order to round out the picture of Claude Mauriac's world and appreciate the evolution of his technique. Those who have read none of his works can begin reading chronologically, safe in the knowledge that the promise implicit here has already been fulfilled.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caught in Our Logical Absurdities

Confabulario and Other Inventions, *by Juan José Arreola, translated from the Spanish by George D. Schade (University of Texas Press. 245 pp. $5), collects most of the Mexican satirist's investigations of man and his entanglements with logical absurdity. Donald A. Yates, critic and translator of Spanish-American literature, teaches Spanish at Michigan State University. He is general editor of the Macmillan Modern Spanish-American Literature Series.*

By DONALD A. YATES

IN 1962, Juan José Arreola published in Mexico City his *Confabulario total.* It was, in a sense, his "Collected Works," since it brought together most of his short stories, including some of the earliest, which date back to 1941; his latest short sketches or fables (from which the book takes its title); his *Bestiary* of 1958, a satirical, anti-U.S. play, and all of his most recent prose pieces.

The present translation of *Confabulario total,* as the newest title in the Texas Pan-American Series, confers a certain distinction on the forty-six-year-old author, for probably more of Arreola's over-all literary production is now available in English than of any other Spanish-American writer. The intellectual sophistication and imaginative virtuosity of this collection suggest that he is in many ways worthy of the honor.

The most polished and the most given to verbal and conceptual play of his "generation" of Mexican writers—a group that includes Agustín Yáñez, Juan Rulfo, and poet Octavio Paz—Arreola performs generally in the guise of satirist—a curious type of satirist whose professed pessimism is more cultivated than convincing. The piece that deals with the hyena in his *Bestiary* is a descriptive gem: "The limner boggles and sketches only with difficulty the gross mastiff head, the hints of pig and degenerate tiger, the sloping line of the body, slippery, muscular, dwindling." But the bite of the final line penetrates only the flesh and not the bone: "He is perhaps the animal that has made the most converts among men." The observation amuses, as does the previous description of the boa as nothing more than a digestive process.

Arreola's target is man and his entanglements with logical absurdities; but the paradox inevitably interests him more than the plight. "The Switchman," wherein the fantastic mismanagement and downright arbitrary deceptiveness of an imaginary national railroad system acquires, over the space of a few pages, the stature of a magnificent allegory of the human condition, is possibly his finest short story; it also happens to be one of his gaiest. The originality of Arreola's satire provokes surprise together with delight: he suggests that if all the rich men of the world were to pour their joint wealth into the construction of an inconceivably complicated and expensive machine designed to disintegrate a camel and zip him through the eye of a needle, then they would indeed most likely come to pass through the gates of Heaven.

Arreola shapes up as a better stylist than moralist: beauty of form often eclipses the substance of an idea. Consider the opening lines of his short story "Liberty":

> Today I proclaimed the independence of my acts. Only a few unsatisfied desires and two or three worn-out attitudes gathered together at this ceremony. A grandiose proposal that had offered to come sent its humble excuses at the last minute. All took place in a frightful silence.
>
> I believe the error consisted in its noisy proclamation: trumpets and bells, firecrackers and drums. And to finish off, some ingenious pyrotechnical stunts concerning morality which burned only halfway through.

The excellence of the translation by George D. Schade is evident in these lines. He has done Arreola a humble and faithful service. Schade has taken certain liberties with the organization of the original *Confabulario total,* some of which he acknowledges. He has mysteriously shuffled a few of the stories about, but has wisely excluded the undistinguished play *La hora de todos.*

The most disconcerting feature of this book, however, must be charged to Arreola himself, who arranged the contents of the Mexican edition in such a way that his most recent fiction comes first in the book and his earliest, least controlled, and least impressive work appears last.

The reader gets the odd impression that he is witnessing a gifted writer irrevocably and unaccountably losing his touch right before his eyes.

"'Self-assured'? Charlie boy, I'm so self-assured, I lie to my analyst."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A History of Planned Generosity

By ARTHUR E. BURNS, *professor of economics at George Washington University in Washington, D.C.*

THE ANNUAL debate over foreign aid creates an atmosphere of uncertainty and impermanence about this complex undertaking which the historical record belies. In one form or another the American people have been in the foreign aid business since the turn of the nineteenth century. Congress passed the first foreign aid bill, providing relief to earthquake victims in Venezuela, in 1812. In later years it authorized the use of naval vessels to ship supplies for famine relief to Ireland and Russia.

Private sources, however, supplied most of the funds and goods for foreign assistance before World War I, at times with prompting and encouragement from the White House or State Department. American consulates abroad often distributed these private funds and supplies to the people in need. Through the Red Cross the federal government gradually assumed a measure of control over much privately financed foreign assistance, a control that became virtually complete during the two world wars. Thus a pattern of foreign aid emerges and broadens over a century and a half. Foreign aid today at once fits into this pattern and alters it mightily as an instrument of foreign policy.

Merle Curti's *American Philanthropy Abroad* (Rutgers Univ. Press, $12.50) describes the growth and change in private philanthropic endeavors. Recurring disasters, such as destruction by fire in St. Johns, earthquakes in Sicily and Chile, floods and droughts in China, famine in Ireland, India, and the Canaries, brought hastily organized drives for funds and supplies. Newspapers, business groups, and churches spearheaded these early campaigns.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the growing foreign missionary movement added to the expansion of American benefactions; while conversion was its primary aim, education was an important by-product: Protestant converts had to be able to read. Since work was both a virtue and a necessity, the missions taught skills and set up shops long in advance of the Point Four program. Lives had to be saved as well as souls, so the missions led the way in building hospitals and introducing public health facilities and training. The famous American colleges in the Middle East and elsewhere were products of the missionary movement.

Secular philanthropy makes its appearance in the 1860s with the Peabody low-cost housing project in the London slums, followed by the much larger donations of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Fels, Rosenwald, and other distinguished philanthropists. Late in the century private philanthropy gradually assumed permanent, organized bureaucratic forms, best exemplified by the Red Cross. The twentieth century brought into being the highest form of organized philanthropy, the great foundation.

Curti presents a record of unparalleled private generosity, dedicated service by countless people, and good works. It also reveals traces of self-serving, rivalry, political maneuvering, graft, waste, and bungling. Humanitarians, sharp operators, and publicity-seekers all sparked the drives and manned the relief organizations. The motives behind this sometimes frantic activity varied widely, from disinterested humanitarianism to religious and ethnic partisanship. An anti-Communist political purpose may have partly prompted Herbert Hoover's famine relief activities in Russia in the 1920s. Price-depressing U.S. grain surpluses probably strengthened the humanitarian impulses behind the Russian famine drive of the 1880s and the European relief drive of 1919. The present PL 480 program is not less effective in feeding people because its purpose is surplus disposal without altruistic disguise; for sustained and sizable giving, humanitarianism needs allies.

ORGANIZATIONALLY, the philanthropic movement has changed its shape over the years, from early *ad hoc* arrangements to meet special disasters to the gradual development of permanent relief committees. Like business enterprise and labor unions, philanthropy had its own merger movement, accompanied by a growing professionalism in management and fund-raising. The voluntary agencies raised nearly $2 billion from 1919 to 1945, according to Curti, with costs of administration running about 10 per cent.

Herbert Hoover's *An American Epic, Vol. IV* (Regnery, $7.50) amplifies the years since 1939. But this is not so much a record of the vast emergency relief activities of these years as an account of the frustrations imposed on Hoover by Churchill and Roosevelt. His efforts to organize emergency relief for the Nazi-occupied countries collapsed with Churchill's refusal to lift the blockade for relief supplies. The bitter, running fight between Hoover on the one hand and the British and U.S. governments on the other is fully detailed here—from Mr. Hoover's point of view. It is one of the seamy sides of World War II. His criticism of the Administration's handling of food policy and production, based on his World War I experience as food administrator, made things no easier for him in official Washington. His opposition to Lend-Lease and other aid to the Soviets after the Nazi attack placed him beyond the pale. So deep was the antagonism that he was told his efforts to speed emergency relief to the occupied democracies only reinforced official opposition to it.

Things changed when Mr. Truman became President. He asked Mr. Hoover to lead an emergency relief mission to survey the needs in thirty-eight countries. Relief supplies moved on a vast scale to victors and vanquished alike, from private, governmental, and UNRRA sources. In 1947 the President again called on Mr. Hoover to review allied economic policy, then still influenced by the Morgenthau Plan. This changed, and Mr. Hoover shares the credit.

THIS volume brings to a close the story of a great and hard-headed humanitarian whose career in relief work extended from the Boxer Rebellion to the abortive Hungarian revolt in 1956. Hoover credits American aid over that period with the saving of 1.8 billion lives—a scarcely believable figure. Be that as it may, however, he did play an important part in building up large-scale private and governmental foreign assistance for emergency relief and reconstruction. It was a short step from these precedents to economic aid, which was no part of his intention.

Above all, this book is a political document. Hoover opposed President Roosevelt's policy of involvement in war, and particularly of aid to the Soviet Union after the Nazi attack. Let Hitler and Stalin bleed themselves white; sustain Britain and China, and build U.S. strength to dictate the eventual peace. Tyranny of any kind was anathema to Hoover, and the greatest tyranny was communism.

The Marshall Plan, Point Four, the Mutual Security program, and economic aid to underdeveloped countries came with the Cold War. In *Where Did Your Money Go?* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) Andrew Tully and Milton Britten denounce what they regard to be waste, bungling, and graft. Billed as an honest

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"appraisal" by the supporters of the foreign aid program, it is anything but a program appraisal. The authors more correctly describe their work as "constructive muckraking," though the adjective seems strained. Faint praise comes through in a left-handed way: "Not the least likely reason for our continued participation would be a foreign aid record that, despite the waste, the boondoggles and the boners, added up to something fairly impressive over the years." Tully and Britten find foreign aid a valuable tool to help shape world affairs to our liking. As they seem to see it, however, the tool is incompetently used, often for dubious purposes and in the wrong places.

Undoubtedly the authors write as they do for impact. Like many of the foreign aid "impact" projects they rightly criticize, the book backfires: no costly program this bad could last as long as foreign aid has done. They inveigh against waste, and properly so. But they leave the impression that all has been wasted. What, objectively, does waste mean? A responsible appraisal must answer this question. This book does not.

It is clear that foreign aid as a policy is in trouble. The roots of this trouble are thoughtfully analyzed in Frank M. Coffin's *Witness for Aid* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50), a powerful plea for a sense of perspective that would make possible a consensus on foreign aid as an instrument of foreign policy. Such a consensus would help achieve "a sustained policy carried out with competence." It is Coffin's purpose to develop the perspective and the consensus. As he sees it, the historical purpose underlying policy is set forth in the Preamble to the Constitution: to "secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity . . ." Foreign aid as a part of national policy is seen as one means of securing the blessings of liberty for posterity, our own and that of the developing nations.

The many difficulties encountered by foreign aid, including the charge of waste, are set forth in this book. Many of the misconceptions are skilfully handled. The annual controversy and confusion in Congress, the legislative constraints, the short-range view, operational fits and starts, periodic reorganization, are cited as evidence that there is no consensus and no clear sense of purpose.

Perhaps there is more agreement and purpose than Mr. Coffin realizes. As noted earlier, the American public has been in the foreign aid business, one way or another, for a long time. At no time in this period was foreign assistance without its critics or free of problems. The great merit of *Witness for Aid* is articulation of the relevant issues. In Mr. Coffin, foreign aid has an unusually thoughtful and persuasive witness.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

MICHELANGELO'S LOST ST. JOHN: The Story of a Discovery. By Fernanda de' Maffei. Morrow. $15.

Crime, Suspense

HANG THE LITTLE MAN. By John Creasey. Scribners. $3.50.

Current Affairs

DOCUMENTS ON AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1963. Edited by Richard P. Stebbins. Harper & Row. $7.50.

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS IN LATIN AMERICA. By William Withers. Free Press. $6.95.

FOREIGN AND OTHER AFFAIRS. By John Paton Davies, Jr. Norton. $4.

OLD MYTHS AND NEW REALITIES; and Other Commentaries. By Senator J. William Fulbright. Random House. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.45.

THIS AWESOME CHALLENGE: The Hundred Days of Lyndon Johnson. By Michael Amrine. Putnam. $4.95.

Fiction

SPECTRUM III. Edited by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

TOMORROW'S HIDDEN SEASON. By George Byram. New American Library. $5.95.

History

THE BOILERPLATE WAR. By John Foley. Walker. $5.

A HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA, Vol. 3, Parts 1 and 2: Socialism in One Country, 1924-1926. By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. $17.50.

AN INSTANCE OF TREASON: Ozaki Hotsumi and the Sorge Spy Ring. By Chalmers Johnson. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.50.

INSURRECTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA: The Turbulent World of Denmark Vesey. By John Lofton. Antioch. $6.

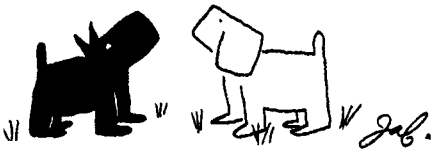
THEY TOOK TO THE SEA. By Samuel Tolkowsky. Yoseloff. $7.50.

Literary Criticism

THE POETRY OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By F. E. Halliday. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.50.

A READER'S GUIDE TO WILLIAM FAULKNER. By Edmond L. Volpe. Farrar, Straus. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.75.

ROMANTIC PERSPECTIVES. Edited by Patricia Hodgarth and Theodore Redpath. Barnes & Noble. $2.50.



Miscellany

CONTEMPORARY QUOTATIONS. Compiled by James B. Simpson. Crowell. $6.95.

THE DELL CROSSWORD DICTIONARY. Edited by Kathleen Rafferty. Delacorte. $3.95.

HENRY VIII: A Neo-Latin Drama by Nicolaus Vernulaeus. Translated and edited by Louis A. Schuster, S.M. Univ. of Texas Press. $8.50.

THE KENNEDY WIT. Compiled and edited by Bill Adler. Citadel. $3.

YUGOSLAVIA—ONE LONG SUMMER. By Jara Ribnikar. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

Natural History

ABYSS: The Deep Sea and the Creatures That Live in It. By C. P. Idyll. Crowell. $6.95.

EXPLORING THE HEAVENS. By R. S. Dodson, Jr. Crowell. $4.95.

HORSES OF TODAY. By Margaret Cabell Self. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

SILENTLY, BY NIGHT. By Russell Peterson. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

Personal History

DUET FOR A LIFETIME. By Kay Hunter. Coward-McCann. $4.

EBENEZER KINNERSLEY: Franklin's Friend. By J. A. Leo Lemay. Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. $4.

SARGENT SHRIVER: A Candid Portrait. By Robert A. Liston. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

Poetry

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN POETRY: An Anthology. Translated and edited by Gertrude C. Schwebell. New Directions. Paperback, $2.75.

THE LATER POEMS OF JOHN CLARE. Edited by Eric Robinson and Geoffrey Summerfield. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Psychology

INSIGHT AND RESPONSIBILITY. By Erik H. Erikson. Norton. $5.

Religion, Philosophy

FROM HEGEL TO NIETZSCHE: The Revolution in Nineteenth-Century Thought. By Karl Lowith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.50.

PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF MODERN SCIENCE. By C. E. M. Joad. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, $1.50. (Reprint.)

PROTESTANT CONCEPTS OF CHURCH AND STATE: Historical Backgrounds and Approaches for the Future. By Thomas G. Sanders. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

TWO MODES OF THOUGHT. By James Bryant Conant. Trident. $3.95.

Sociology

IMAGE OF A PEOPLE: Modern German Writing in Its Social Context. By Derek Van Abbe. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

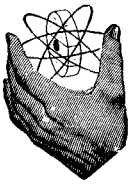
THE URBAN PROCESS: Cities in Industrial Societies. By Leonard Reissman. Free Press. $6.50. —Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Cover detail by Doug Anderson after H. Danska.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XCVII • Science in Journals • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: A Petition to the U.S. Congress

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE MAKING OF WEATHER

A LONG-RANGE weather forecast appeared in this space one year ago.

It anticipated the naming of a new chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau, it named the new chief as Dr. Robert M. White—then president of Traveler's Research Center, Inc., in Hartford, Connecticut—and it said that Dr. White would concern himself above all else with perfection of mathematical models of the air and water oceans which together breed earthly storms.

On the morning of the day the forecast reached homes of *SR* readers, the late President John F. Kennedy announced Dr. White's appointment. Work on the mathematical models of earth's atmosphere and hydrosphere has gone apace since then.

It is now time to extend the forecast, as follows:

On September 1, 1964, Dr. White will bring into the Weather Bureau, as its chief scientist, Dr. Verner E. Suomi, of the University of Wisconsin.

Perhaps from a Finnish ancestry, perhaps from a boyhood spent in Minnesota, perhaps from a mixture of the two, Dr. Suomi acquired a mind that flashes in spectacular streaks like the northern lights (see Personality Portrait LII, *SR*, July 2, 1960). During the academic year 1964-5, he will flit between the Great Lakes and Chesapeake Bay, alternately throwing darts of thought at his graduate students on the Wisconsin campus in Madison and at Weather Bureau researchers in Washington, D.C. Typically, he has no ready-made plan to propose to Dr. White; experiments will evolve as consultations proceed through the twelve months of Dr. Suomi's assignment as chief scientist. But the implications of at least two brilliant Suomi innovations of the past can hardly be escaped.

Both of these are related to the fact that rainfall—still the great uncertainty in weather prediction—is not (as most people think it is) a primary process of the laws of physics but only a by-product of heat rising with evaporation and falling with condensation of water vapor churned through a pipeless system of steam circulation by a solar furnace blazing 93,000,000 miles away.

Dr. Suomi has specialized in studying the atmosphere as a heat engine for the last decade, beginning with his Ph.D. thesis at the University of Chicago. Working in a cornfield, he transplanted two rows of cornstalks from their normal rooting in the soil to a pan of water. Most of the sun's heat that fell on the corn, he found, was used up in evaporating moisture from the soil rather than in raising the temperature of the soil.

Ever since then, he has looked at the whole planet as a scientifically sophisticated corn farmer might. Over and over again he has asked one question of the atmosphere: "What is your heat budget?"

Against the steady energy income from the sun, he has tried to balance the energy spent in extraterrestrial space by the earth.

Generations of his predecessors in meteorology had established the fact that clouds are formed of vapor evaporated by the sun's rays from surface waters of seas and lakes and from the gentle "sweat" of the green leaves of growing plants and trees. Hence, although the power that drives storms comes from the direct force of sunlight falling on the whole atmosphere, local weather changes depend on the differential spacing of that fragment of the light which earth reflects back into the air. And this reflected energy is transmitted almost exclusively in the invisible infrared end of the spectrum: the heat rays.

To calculate the atmospheric heat budget, then, Dr. Suomi had to measure infrared light rising from the earth. Earth satellites came into being just in time to carry the necessary instruments around the globe at a sufficiently long distance out in the atmosphere to allow meaningful readings.

The Weather Bureau's famous family of Tiros satellites is best known for its photographs of clouds and consequent advance warnings of approaching storms—hurricanes especially. But riding along with the peering cameras have been Dr. Suomi's infrared light sensors, and these robot "feelers" of heat sensation are discovering far more revealing elements of weather-making than can possibly be seen in the cloud pictures.

As was expected from earlier knowledge obtained in simpler ways, the radioed reports of the Tiros sensors say "cool" when the satellites pass over cloud-covered regions of earth. In other words, the infrared light is being trapped by the undersides of the clouds and held in the air below; those regions of earth are consequently warmer. The trapped heat expands the air underlying the clouds, creating pressure gradients which, in response to the constant turning of the planet, induce motion of the dynamic cells marked "high" and "low" on daily weathermaps.

What the infrared sensors were not expected to find—but what they did find—was that heat losses from the air into space around the eastern edges of cloud banks differ from the losses around the western edges of the clouds. The expected differentials either warm cool air or cool warm air. In the midst of them is this surprise exception where *warm air is warmed.* That is, the warm air on the leading eastern edges of cloud formations ("leading" because weather moves predominantly from west to east) cools less rapidly than does the cold air following the western edge of the cloud pattern.

Before this anomaly in the traditional picture of weather turned up, the main drive in all storms was assumed to be the temperature gradient between air heat-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed by the direct light of the equatorial sun and air heated to a lesser extent by slanting sunlight north and south of the equator. And several years of infrared reports from the Tiros satellites confirm that the big powerhouse of the atmosphere indeed does run on a north-south axis. However, an east-west drive is now known to exist, too. It is so small that if it were found between cloud masses it would be dismissed as inconsequential; or, if its energy were moving in an opposite direction, it could be assumed to act to maintain the prevailing status of the atmosphere. Instead, it occurs at a point where the air cycle is already verging on instability and its energy is traveling in the direction normal to overturn of the air mass. Thus Dr. Suomi's experiments have raised a fundamental question: Does the east-west drive perhaps trigger the north-south drive into action?

If this spacebird's perspective on the atmosphere's workings were all that recommended Dr. Suomi to Dr. White as the Weather Bureau's chief scientist, it would be quite enough. But this is only one of the Wisconsin professor's credentials. Most compelling of them all is an uncanny ability to pick crucial fundamentals on which experiments will exert historical leverage. An example is the Suomi invention of a sonic whistle which could in time become a shepherd's pipe for men to use in whistling clouds away.

THE significance of this eerie device begins with the fact that water can contain more heat than can air. Hence the oceans of earth are the greatest reservoirs of latent energy for weather making. It is known that much of this energy is transferred to the air off the crests of breaking waves and by evaporation from quiet water. Microscopic particles of salt mist are snatched upward by the wind. In separating from the sea, the salt carries off an electric charge. The charged salt particles are the most efficient of all recognized nuclei for condensation of raindrops at high altitudes where the cooler air encourages formation of droplets into clouds.

Winds carry the particles from the sea for thousands of miles inland, where the play proceeds across the great stage of the earth like a magician's performance. A small cloud forms from the vapor droplets. The cloud rises like a frail fountain, and evaporates. One after another cloud takes shape and disappears. Finally (and there is yet no way to predict in which of many clouds this will happen) one cloud grows and rises until it holds enough billions of droplets to make millions of raindrops and loose a thunderstorm.

Where the land is flat for a sufficient distance, dynamic forces in some manner not yet understood generate tornadoes. Over the vast relative flatness of the sea, similar vortical motion makes hurricanes.

Covering, as they do, two-thirds to three-fourths of the earth's surface, the

---

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCVII

A SCIENTIST'S SCIENTIST

Dr. Robert M. White

INSOFAR as scientific research is the art of dealing imaginatively with the unexpected, Dr. Robert M. White, U. S. Weather Bureau chief since last October, must be ranked as a scientist's scientist.

As a boy in Boston, he enjoyed exploring the nearby water, woods and rocks. He expected to be a geologist. But when he needed a summer job between terms at Harvard, he found an unexpected chance to work at the university's Blue Hill observatory. There he was assigned to watch the weather.

Once out of Harvard, he expected to soldier in World War II, along with his fellow students. But when the Air Force called for officer candidates knowledgeable in the atmosphere's behavior, he again took the unexpected chance. Joining up as an Air Cadet in Meteorology, he landed first at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later at the Air Force Cambridge Research Center, where for eight years he analyzed weather phenomena mathematically.

Neither he nor anyone else expected the destructive New England hurricanes of 1955-6. Nor was it foreseen that the Traveler's Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, would undertake a long-range search for reliable means of predicting violent storms. But the unexpected happened once more. MIT Professor Thomas Malone moved to Traveler's as research director of the company, and a non-profit research center dealing with all the geophysical sciences was set up in Dr. Robert White's charge.

In the four years since then, Traveler's weather broadcasts over Hartford radio station WTIC have become famous throughout lower New England for the degree to which they share the forecaster's uncertainty with lay listeners.

Wind speeds and temperatures are fairly easy to predict in the present state of knowledge of the atmosphere. Forecasts of rainfall are considerably more tricky, so Drs. Malone and White encouraged the Traveler's weathermen to handle the problem statistically.

"The chances of rainfall through tonight are three in ten," a broadcast might say, "rising to five in ten by morning and to ten in ten by tomorrow night."

U. S. Weather Bureau forecasts in cities elsewhere in the country have adopted the probability statements since Dr. White moved to Washington last autumn. The philosophy behind the change is a most welcome and vigorous counter to widespread pseudo-scientific propaganda.

The starting point is that man is always at the mercy of his environment.

—U.S. Weather Bureau.

This is a way of denying the popular illusion that man has conquered nature. Man is a part of nature, and the best he can ever do is discover means of living in harmonious balance with the rest of nature.

Such being true, it is important for people to act intelligently in the face of a threatening environment. Where violent storms are involved, the difference between acting and not acting can be acute suffering or death.

People tend to respond to warnings if the warnings come from trustworthy sources. Trust is established by repetitive demonstration of dependability. Hence, by broadcasting forecasts which frankly state the forecaster's uncertainty, trust is built up against those times when it may save property and life.

As Dr. White propped his feet on a table in his office on M Street and talked simply about this fundamental question, I felt immensely relieved to have him

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oceans undoubtedly mother most of the planet's weather. Oceanographers long have been convinced (see, for example, *SR*/Research for July 1958) that if the subtle origins of the evaporation process can be thoroughly uncovered, small forces might be applied at appropriate points to prevent development of violent storms. These beginnings clearly occur within a few inches of the interface of the atmosphere and the sea.

TO explore this narrow strategic gap, Dr. Suomi designed his sonic whistle.

Unlike light, which moves always at constant speed, sound travels at a pace that varies with the temperature and molecular weight of the air. By firing sound waves over a measured course in opposite directions, it is possible to tell from which direction a headwind—or a tailwind —is blowing. At the same time the transport of heat in both directions can be measured. By simple subtraction, the net loss of energy from the water to the air at any chosen point can be determined.

This is what Dr. Suomi set out to do with his sonic whistle five years ago. He didn't succeed entirely, but graduate students who worked with him on the original model kept improving on it until the device was put into experimental use in the Indian Ocean earlier this year. An optimistic preliminary report on those experiments was read at an international symposium on buoy technology in Washington in the spring, and has recently been published as a special supplement to the Marine Technology Society journal, *Buoy Technology*.

That such a journal could take root in the midst of today's burgeoning science is plain evidence of the value now attached to buoys in study of the weather. Even more pertinent to the evolution underway at the Weather Bureau is the caliber of men involved in buoy experiments. A particularly well-placed one at the moment is Dr. Robert G. Fleagle, of the University of Washington in Seattle, co-author of the timely Academic Press book, *An Introduction to Atmospheric Physics*. Dr. Fleagle is overseeing atmospheric research this year for the Office of Science and Technology at the White House.

DRS. Fleagle, Suomi and others are concerned with buoys as research tools. The Weather Bureau's new chief, Dr. White, and his mathematical atmosphere modeler, Dr. Joseph Smagorinsky, also are interested in buoys as operational observers. To illustrate the immediate practical relevance of such floating reporters to weather prediction, Dr. White uses landlocked Kansas City as an instance. Because weather travels at an average speed of twenty to thirty miles per hour, accurate forecasts of weather in Kansas City only forty-eight hours in advance require information about wind velocity, air pressure, temperature and precipitation all over the continental United States. Longer forecasts call for data from the Pacific Ocean. Background for weekly forecasting must come from a network extending thousands of miles to the west of whatever point the prediction is intended to cover.

If buoys carrying automatic instruments were anchored at junctures of a grid, they could be queried by earth satellites at regular intervals. The data could be fed into high-speed computers, and computations could be made enabling accurate and rapid prediction of atmospheric conditions around the globe.

These surface readings alone would revolutionize weather forecasting. But Dr. White and his scientific crew at the Weather Bureau (a group that will include Dr. Jerome Spar, of New York University, as director of research beginning on the first day of this month of August 1964) are not content with that prospect. If plans now in the blueprint stage are successfully completed, observational buoys will be hung at various levels in the atmosphere. Each of these will be designed to float at a fixed level and to report what it sees, hears and feels in the course of its wanderings. All will report on command by radio to the same earth satellites that gather data from the ocean buoys and from observing robots stationed at inaccessible places on islands, on mountains, and in deserts.

The potential benefits of this fantastic array of automatons are incalculable. The cost is likely to be astronomical, too, for myriad shifts of energy—from heat to motion to motion to heat *ad infinitum* —must be traced as far out from the planet as experience proves to be useful. Observable effects of the atmosphere can be detected as far away as 600 miles. However, the clouds are imbedded in a layer of air only three-and-a-half to six miles up, and most of the power that drives them is contained in fleeting combination within the lowermost 99 per cent of the atmospheric

---

sitting in the seat of power he occupies today.

Weather research in this country has too often in the past been subject to political maneuvering. Official observing started roughly a century ago in the U. S. Signal Corps because the Corps had a telegraph hookup over which observations might be transmitted quickly. When the land grant colleges were created later, the weight of the system was shifted to fulfil the needs of agriculture. When flying became a practical reality, the emphasis shifted again to serve air travel above all else. Now the emphasis is international, and understanding of the weather has become one of the most effective means available for America to build people-to-people friendships across a troubled planet.

Though possessed of authority unattained by any of his predecessors at the Weather Bureau, Dr. White shows no sign either of authoritarianism or of concern with political popularity. He stands on his personal and professional integrity alone. In a two-hour conversation with a bookish interviewer, he did not once mention his brother, Theodore, the writer. His wife, Mavis Seagle White, and their two children, Richard and Edwina, did not come into the talk for the simple reason that they had no active role to play in what was said. It was an exchange of plain facts.

"Is it true that the Weather Bureau is about to inaugurate forecasts of dangerous air pollution?" he was asked. His grave reply was: "We already have such forecasts. We are improving them. But you must remember that the Weather Bureau cannot do anything about the pollution. It can only warn against the danger." —WILL JONATHAN.

Prophecy

THE COVER of this issue of *SR* reproduces a historical document deserving of much more public attention than it has received. The globe over which the muses are incanting weather was originally drawn by the late Dr. Harry Wexler, former director of research for the U. S. Weather Bureau. On May 4, 1954—three and a half years before the Russians launched the first earth satellite and six years before the first American Tiros satellite began taking pictures of the cloudtops—Dr. Wexler presented the drawing to illustrate his remarks at an interplanetary space travel symposium at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. The cloud patterns on his globe would prove to be what men would see on the first day of any summer from a distance of 4,000 miles above Amarillo, Texas, Dr. Wexler said then. Actually, the patterns are remarkably similar to those seen in pictures taken by Tiros satellites nearer to earth.

Dr. Wexler's prophetic sketch was incorporated into a poster for the National Academy of Sciences by artist H. Danska, in celebration of the International Geophysical Year. Copies of this poster, in full color suitable for framing, are available with five others in a "Planet Earth" set, at $5.75 per set, on application to the NAS Printing and Publications Office, 2101 Constitution Avenue, Washington 25, D.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mass, which lies within eighteen miles of the planet.

Eighteen miles is not an impressive distance on land or water. But eighteen miles of atmosphere is a different matter entirely. This misty turbulence is alternately stretched and squashed by the gravitational pulls of the sun and the moon. It is inflated by the sunlight of day in one hemisphere while being shrunken by nighttime cool in the opposite hemisphere. As distance from the earth's surface grows, molecules of the air's constituent gases dissociate into atoms under the blast of solar radiation. Still farther out, the atoms disintegrate as electrons are stripped from their nuclei. The result is a layering in which zones where temperatures fall with altitude are succeeded by zones where temperatures rise with altitude. Thermal, chemical and nuclear processes are at last jumbled in ways that can be only remotely guessed.

Sounding balloons—some carrying instruments that report by radio the conditions they encounter as they rise, and some silent ones tracked optically or by radar from the ground—are now the only systematic contributors (aside from occasional sounding rockets and the relatively near-sighted eyes of severe storm surveillance radars) to knowledge of the third dimension of the atmosphere. The balloon data extend to the eighteen-mile limit of immediate practicality and beyond; but the observation points are restricted in number and consequently widely scattered. Even with extraordinary luck in coordinating the timing of many interdependent components, it will take something more than five years time to tie the present-day balloons and radars into a global net with air- and water-borne buoys, airplanes, rockets, and submarine observation devices reporting through earth satellites.

The master question of the moment therefore is: Where should the changeover begin? While there aren't enough observation posts in operation now to make a workable global system, the computer facilities now available couldn't handle the flood of data that would be forthcoming if a global observation network were ready. This is where the concept of mathematical models of the atmosphere enters. Figurative storms can be driven through computers on clouds of equations in repeated experiments, and the models can be modified gradually until the numerical weather corresponds to actual disturbances in the atmosphere.

Since weather affects the lives of people everywhere, regardless of nationality, color, religious disposition or economic status, it is singularly appropriate to find a concerted effort among science administrators in Washington today toward making the emerging global weather forecast network a genuine reflection of a prudently generous American nation. To put it briefly: The Weather Bureau is being given actual control of weather research for the first time in many years, under conditions conducive of the best scientific values at the least expense to the taxpayer.

The reform began with a White House Budget Bureau *Circular*, issued not long before the assassination of President Kennedy. It amounted to a Presidential order.

Within the office of the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology, Dr. J. Herbert Hollomon, the *Circular* established a Federal Coordinator for Meteorology. To the Coordinator was given responsibility for drawing up and executing a plan covering weather observation and supporting research activities of fifteen different federal agencies. Then Dr. Hollomon named Dr. White as the Coordinator.

Although Dr. White's authority does not extend to basic research in meteorology, he sits on the Interdepartmental Committee for Atmospheric Sciences (ICAS) of the Federal Council for Science and Technology. The Council functions in conjunction with the White House Office of Science and Technology, where scientific policies of President Lyndon B. Johnson are shaped. Since ICAS is responsible for all federally subsidized basic research on weather, including that of the National Science Foundation (banker for the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Colorado), the Atomic Energy Commission, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Dr. White knows everything that goes on in weather research at the national level. On the international plane, he is the United States delegate to the World Meteorological Organization of the United Nations.

Dr. White's first weather plan is due this fall. It could become a model for the great unfilled need of government in science: a reasonable system of research priorities.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

BASED ON THE RAND
CORPORATION RESEARCH STUDY
A preview of Man's future in space and some of the new worlds he is likely to discover in outer-space
PLANETS FOR MAN
By STEPHEN H. DOLE and ISAAC ASIMOV
$4.95
RANDOM HOUSE

SCIENCE IN JOURNALS

SCIENCE IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

A New Career Pattern

WITHIN one generation, modern science and the complex, sophisticated technology which both springs from it and supports it have suddenly become the primary basis of national wealth and military power and also a primary tool of social and economic revolution. The need to wisely develop and control this tool has produced a crisis in its management—particularly with respect to the public interest.

There is no alternative if we wish to keep the practical fruits and the intellectual adventure of the scientific revolution: We simply must solve the problem of wise administration.

Now, except for a few penetrating observers, this new demand has sort of sneaked up on everybody. The businessmen (and the business schools) are not ready for it. The generals are not ready for it. The public is not ready for it. The Congressmen are not ready for it. But, most important of all, the scientists and engineers are not ready for it, either, and that is the main point of my remarks. We, as a professional group, have been suddenly exposed to a role for which we are not prepared.

We are prepared to practice science and engineering as the private attorney practices law, seeking only a successful end to a given technical task. What we *are not* prepared to do is to devote our specialized technical knowledge in a professional way to the solutions of the many complex problems of public concern where scientific knowledge and experience are critical.

We do not, for example, as yet have either a tradition or an established career pattern corresponding to that of the judges in our law courts, who start their careers with specialized training, then obtain extensive experience, and later turn their energies to representing the public interest. Indeed, lawyers have three career patterns, all honorable: attorney, judge, and lawmaker. This is a natural consequence of a highly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

technical discipline whose wise public administration has been essential to civilized society for many centuries. I perhaps betray my parochialism when I suggest that in this regard science and technology as applied to many government problems are becoming as important and as intimately concerned with substantive technical content as is law.

WHAT is needed for this new career pattern to develop?

First, the scientific profession (by which I mean both scientists and engineers) must show its willingness, maturity, and ability to pick up its public responsibility wherever this is appropriate. It must get over its bad case of "advisoritis," whereby many members feel that their duty ends when they have given some advice to a Congressman or to a "general-purpose" government manager.

Incidentally, I define a "general-purpose" manager as one whose motto is: "You name it, I'll manage it." This type of person always has been and always will be essential to many parts of business and government. He is not, however, a suitable person either to operate the law courts or to direct modern technological enterprises (although he did quite well at managing the relatively simple technical operations of the industrial revolution, particularly operations based on mechanical devices). A lawyer or a businessman can master in a few weeks the essential technical aspects of the operation of a railroad or a bus line. But just let him try to rationally guide the development of an inertial guidance system, a laser communications system, or a radical new computer!

The kind of technical knowledge needed in these matters, along with the subtle skills of management which bring out the creative efforts of scientists and engineers, simply cannot be picked up after hours or as part of a job. It can only be obtained one way: by a systematic, thorough technical education plus extensive professional experience in research and engineering. Unfortunately, the lingo of science is easy to pick up. But, as any experienced technical person well knows, there is nothing so depressing as to listen to a "general-purpose" manager using all the right words without real comprehension.

Returning to comparison with the legal profession, we note that judges are made neither from amateurs at law nor even from those merely educated in law. As a group, they are drawn from successful *practitioners* of law.

Thus, the second requirement for the new career pattern is that the scientific community must deliberately set about to build respected career patterns in public service. It must invent a system of nonmaterial rewards corresponding to those which make a judicial career desirable. Objectivity, impartiality, and broad technical competence must be recognized as desirable, in addition to the traditional factors of individual creativity in the practice of science, pure or applied.

The universities can help in this process of career preparation. They can insist, for example, on more social sciences and humanities, as well as on more basic science and mathematics. Both categories of studies are needed, particularly for engineering students, to provide the breadth which new careers will demand. However, in the last analysis, this new function cannot explicitly be taught in school, any more than one can take formal courses in law school on how to be a judge. This particular teaching must be done rather by tradition and by example.

The third requirement for the new career pattern is to find methods of maintaining technical competence in management functions.

Judges automatically maintain their technical competence by continuous and spirited technical legal discussions with practicing lawyers. They retire to their chambers and look up cases, and come back and challenge the lawyers. In short, in their judgeship function they do not escape from or ignore the details of law.

Now the Office of the Director of Defense Research and Engineering has been criticized for an excessive concern for the minute technical details of weapons systems. But, just as in judicial cases, it is often the technical details upon which the whole matter hinges. Indeed, one can define the proper arena of the new-style scientific manager as that in which the technical details *are* critical.

Where technical details are the dominating factors, one simply cannot divorce authority and knowledge.

I BELIEVE that the scientific community has not realized the magnitude of the problem of keeping the managers technically alive. Should government-supported research contracts, for example, be managed with the part-time services of research people or with the full-time services of specialists? We all know the hazards—the active research people are tempted to be biased, ride hobbies, and even to steal ideas. The full-time specialists, on the other hand, tend to lose the quality of their scientific judgment.

Is job rotation or mid-career education adequate? Can some new form of professional recognition—other than technical-paper publishing—give adequate motivation? I do not know. But I do know this: There is nothing so deadening to an organization as an out-of-date technical man in a position of authority.

The government, on its part, must also do many things in order to face the demands of the scientific revolution honestly. One of them is to correct the inadequate salaries, particularly on the executive levels. Another is to offer technical people suitable environment under the control of professional scientists and engineers. But, frankly, I believe that the limitation today is more in the attitudes and limited horizons of the scientists and engineers themselves.

—CHALMERS W. SHERWIN
in *Naval Research Reviews.*

Dr. Sherwin is Deputy Director, Defense Research and Engineering, U.S. Department of Defense.

McNamara Effect

IN THE DAILY GOSSIP about U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara that runs through official Washington, mention is rarely heard of one of the most significant results of his tenure in office:

He has changed the nature of scientific deliberations at the White House.

Before Mr. McNamara took charge of the defense establishment, the practice was to dissipate as widely as possible the political heat directed at the Pentagon by committees and members of Congress. One device especially went into operation almost automatically. A controversy in any way related to science—and most military controversies are so related nowadays—would be referred to an advisory panel of scientists. The panels always reported to the President's Special Assistant for Science and Technology either through the President's Science Advisory Committee or through PSAC by way of the National Academy of Sciences.

It was for this reason that first Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., and then Dr. George Kistiakowsky became Assistants to the President. Their competence was in appraisal of weaponry.

Beginning with the late President John F. Kennedy's appointment of Mr. McNamara as Secretary of Defense, the situation gradually changed. Secretary McNamara didn't seek shelter behind scientific advisors. He personally faced the critical fire from Congress.

As a consequence, the President's Science Advisory Committee has more leisure today and the President's Office of Science and Technology can concentrate its resources on problems of peace.

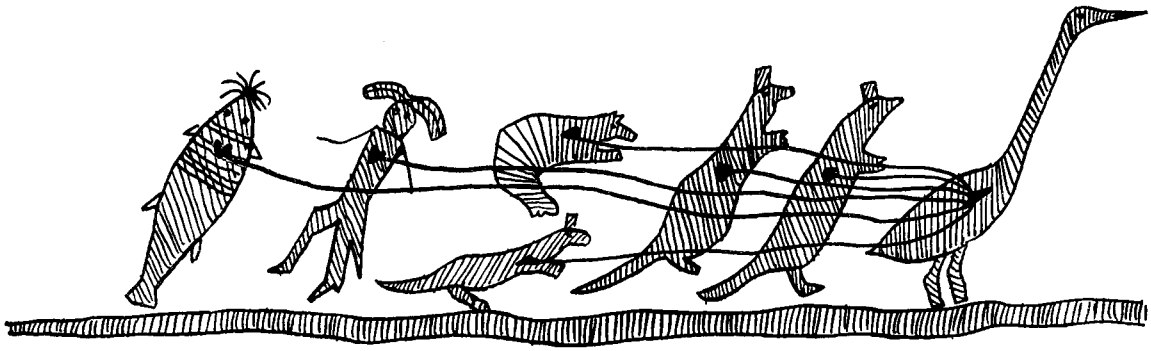
It is notable that a McNamara subordinate, Dr. Chalmers Sherwin, should be the one to state the issue of public interest conflict in science administration most succinctly.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

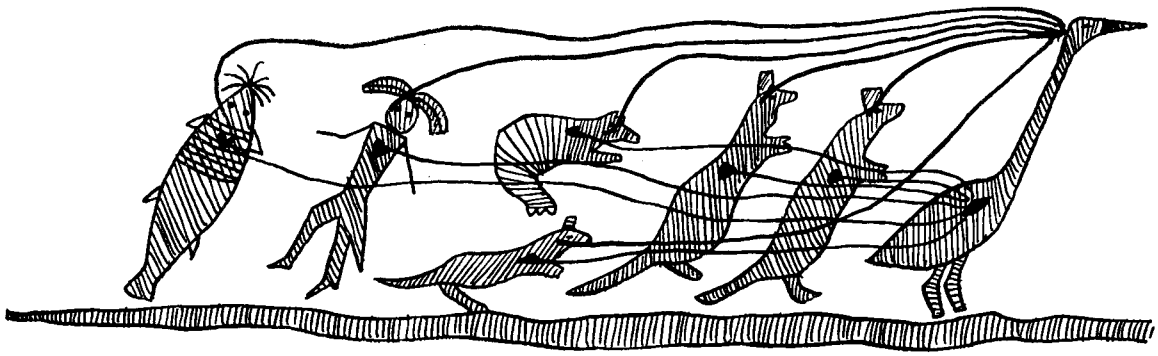
A PETITION TO THE U.S. CONGRESS

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED seven tribes of Indians, hereby declare by the signs of our totems: A crane, three martens, a bear, a manfish and a catfish . . .

. . . that we have agreed in our hearts . . .



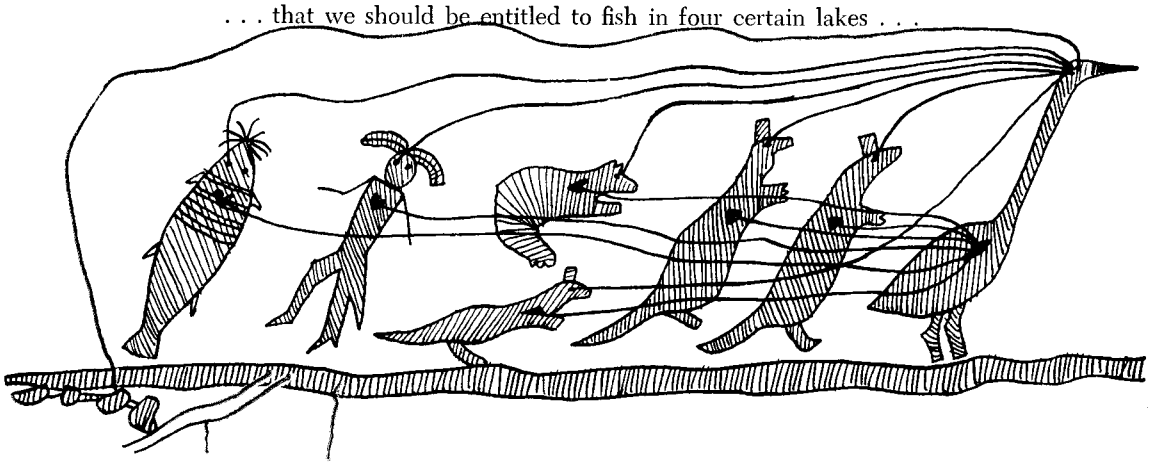
. . . and in our minds . . .



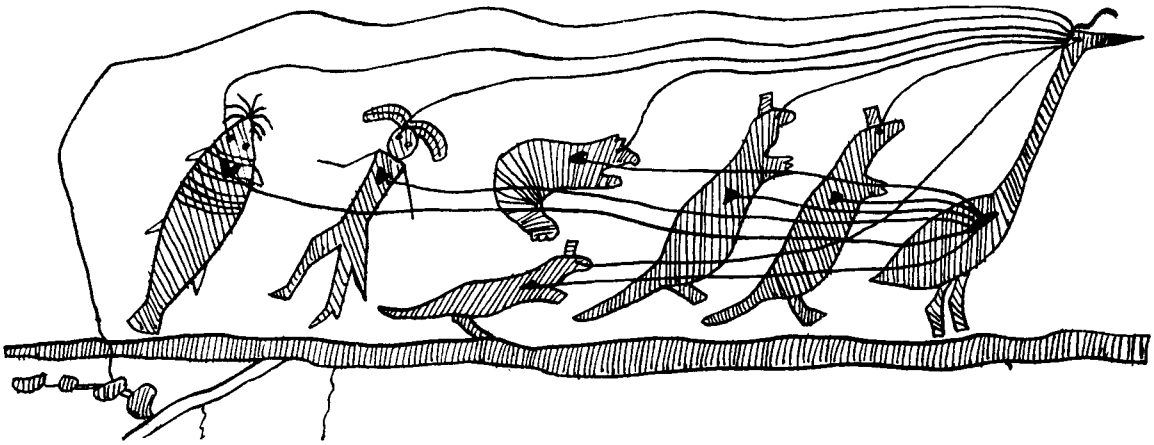
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONCERNING MIDSUMMER SCIENCE

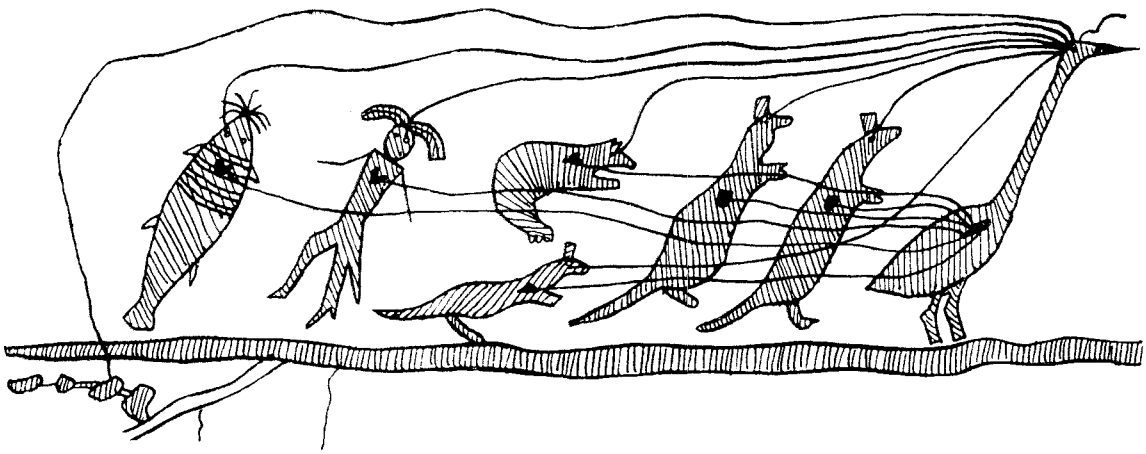
. . . that we should be entitled to fish in four certain lakes . . .



. . . and that we look to you . . .



. . . for gratification of this, our most solemn petition.



—*Sketches by Doug Anderson following John Lear's adaptation of a pictograph from "The Story of the Alphabet" (Edward Clodd).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS THE SCIENTIFIC PAPER FRAUDULENT?

Yes; It Misrepresents Scientific Thought

I HAVE chosen for my title a question: Is the scientific paper a fraud?

I ought to explain that a scientific "paper" is a printed communication to a learned journal, and scientists make their work known almost wholly through papers and not through books, so papers are very important in scientific communication. As to what I mean by asking "is the scientific paper a fraud?"—I do not, of course, mean "Does the scientific paper misrepresent facts?" and I do not mean that the interpretations you find in a scientific paper are wrong or deliberately mistaken. I mean the scientific paper may be a fraud because it misrepresents the processes of thought that accompanied or gave rise to the work that is described in the paper.

That is the question, and I will say right away that my answer to it is "yes." The scientific paper in its orthodox form does embody a totally mistaken conception, even a travesty, of the nature of scientific thought.

Just consider for a moment the traditional form of a scientific paper (incidentally, it is a form which editors themselves often insist upon). The structure of a scientific paper in the biological sciences is something like this: First, there is a section called the "introduction" in which you merely describe the general field in which your scientific talents are going to be exercised, followed by a section called "previous work" in which you concede, more or less graciously, that others have dimly groped toward the fundamental truths that you are now about to expound. Then a section on "methods"—that is O.K. Then comes the section called "results."

The section called "results" consists of a stream of factual information in which it is considered extremely bad form to discuss the significance of the results you are getting. You have to pretend that your mind is, so to speak, a virgin receptacle, an empty vessel, for information which floods into it from the external world for no reason which you yourself have revealed. You reserve all appraisal of the scientific evidence until the "discussion" section, and in the discussion you adopt the ludicrous pretense of asking yourself if the information you have collected actually means anything.

Of course, what I am saying is rather an exaggeration, but there is more than a mere element of truth in it.

The conception underlying this style of scientific writing is that scientific discovery is an inductive process. What induction implies in its cruder form is roughly speaking this: Scientific discovery, or the formulation of scientific theory, starts in with the unvarnished and unembroidered evidence of the senses. It starts with simple observation—simple, unbiased, unprejudiced, naïve, or innocent observation—and out of this sensory evidence, embodied in the form of simple propositions or declarations of fact, generalizations will grow up and take shape, almost as if some process of crystalization or condensation were taking place. Out of a disorderly array of facts, an orderly theory, an orderly general statement, will somehow emerge.

THIS conception of scientific discovery was mainly the work of a great and wise, but in this context, I think, very mistaken man—John Stuart Mill.

John Stuart Mill saw, as of course a great many others, including Bacon, had seen before him that deduction in itself is quite powerless as a method of scientific discovery—and for this simple reason: that the process of deduction as such only uncovers, brings out into the open, makes explicit, information that is already present in the axioms or premises from which the process of deduction started. The process of deduction reveals nothing to us except what the infirmity of our own minds has so far concealed from us.

It was Mill's belief that induction was the method of science—"that great mental operation," he called it, "the operation of discovering and proving general propositions." And around this conception there grew up an inductive logic, of which the business was "to provide rules to which, if inductive arguments conform, those arguments are conclusive."

Now, John Stuart Mill's deeper motive in working out what he conceived to be the essential method of science was to apply that method to the solution of sociological problems: He wanted to apply to sociology the methods which the practice of science had shown to be immensely powerful and exact. It is ironical that the application to sociology of the inductive method, more or less in the form in which Mill himself conceived it, should have been an almost entirely fruitless one.

The simplest application of the Millsian process of induction to sociology came in a rather strange movement called Mass Observation. The belief underlying Mass Observation was apparently this: that if one could only record and set down the actual raw facts about what people do and what people say in pubs, in trains, when they make love to each other, when they are playing games, and so on, then somehow, from this wealth of information, a great generalization would inevitably emerge.

Well, in point of fact, nothing important emerged from this approach.

THE theory underlying the inductive method cannot be sustained. Let me give three good reasons why not.

In the first place, the starting point of induction is philosophic fiction. There is no such thing as unprejudiced observation. Every act of observation we make is biased. What we see or otherwise sense is a function of what we have seen or sensed in the past.

The second point is this: Scientific discovery or the formulation of the scientific idea on the one hand, and demonstration or proof on the other hand, are two entirely different notions. Mill confused them. Mill said that induction was the "operation of discovering and proving general propositions," as if one act of mind would do for both.

Now, discovery and proof could depend on the same act of mind, and in deduction they do. When we indulge in the process of deduction—as in deducing a theorem from Euclidian axioms or postulates—the theorem contains the discovery (or, more exactly, the uncovery of something which was there in the axioms and postulates, though it was not actually evident) and the process of deduction itself, if it has been carried out correctly, is also the proof that the "discovery" is valid, is logically correct. So in the process of deduction, discovery and proof can depend on the same process. But in scientific activity they are not the same thing—they are, in fact, totally separate acts of mind.

It simply is not logically possible to arrive with certainty at any generalization containing more information

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the sum of the particular statements upon which the generalization was founded. How could a mere act of mind lead to the discovery of new information? It would violate a law as fundamental as the law of conservation of matter. It would violate the law of conservation of information.

In view of all these objections, it is hardly surprising that Bertrand Russell in a famous footnote that occurs in his *Principles of Mathematics* of 1903 should have said that, so far as he could see, induction was a method of making plausible guesses. And our greatest modern authority on the nature of scientific method, Professor Karl Popper, has no use for induction at all: He regards the inductive process of thought as a myth. "There is no need even to mention induction," he says in his great treatise, on *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*—though, of course, he does mention it.

NOW let me go back to the scientific papers. What is wrong with the traditional form of scientific paper is simply this: that all scientific work of an experimental or exploratory character starts with some expectation about the outcome of the inquiry. This expectation one starts with, this hypothesis one formulates, provides the initiative and incentive for the inquiry and governs its actual form. It is in the light of this expectation that some observations are held relevant and others not; that some methods are chosen, others discarded; that some experiments are done rather than others. It is only in the light of this prior expectation that the activities the scientist reports in his scientific papers really have any meaning at all.

Hypotheses arise by guesswork. That is to put it in its crudest form. I should say rather that they arise by inspiration; but in any event they arise by processes that form part of the subject-matter of psychology and certainly not of logic, for there is no logically rigorous method for devising hypotheses. It is a vulgar error, often committed, to speak of "deducing" hypotheses. Indeed one does not deduce hypotheses; hypotheses are what one deduces things from.

But hypotheses can be tested rigorously—they are tested by experiment, using the word "experiment" in a rather general sense to mean an act performed to test a hypothesis, that is, to test the deductive consequences of a hypothesis. If one formulates a hypothesis, one can deduce from it certain consequences which are predictions or declarations about what will or will not be the case. If these predictions and declarations are mistaken, then the hypothesis must be discarded, or at least modified. If, on the other hand, the predictions turn out correct, then the hypothesis has stood up to trial, and remains on probation as before.

This formulation illustrates very well, I think, the distinction between, on the one hand, the discovery or formulation of a scientific idea or generalization, which is to a greater or lesser degree an imaginative or inspirational act, and, on the other hand, the proof, or rather the testing of a hypothesis, which is indeed a strictly logical and rigorous process, based upon deductive arguments.

THIS alternative interpretation of the nature of the scientific process, of the nature of scientific method, is sometimes called the hypothetico-deductive interpretation. And this is the view which Professor Karl Popper has persuaded us is the correct one.

To give credit where credit is surely due, it is proper to say that the first professional scientist to express a fully reasoned opinion upon the way scientists actually think when they come upon their scientific discoveries—namely William Whewell, a geologist, and incidentally the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge—was also the first person to formulate this hypothetico-deductive interpretation of scientific activity. Whewell, like his contemporary Mill, wrote at great length—unnecessarily great length, one is nowadays inclined to think—and I cannot recapitulate his argument, but one or two quotations will make the gist of his thought clear. He said: "An art of discovery is not possible. We can give no rules for the pursuit of truth which should be universally and peremptorily applicable." And of hypotheses he said, with great daring, "a facility in devising hypotheses, so far from being a fault in the intellectual character of a discoverer, is a faculty indispensable to his task."

I said this was daring because the word "hypothesis" and the conception it stood for was still in Whewell's day a rather discreditable one. Hypotheses had a flavor about them of what was wanton and irresponsible. The great Newton, you remember, had frowned upon hypotheses. *"Hypotheses non fingo,"* he said, and there is another version in which he says *"hypotheses non sequor"*—I do not pursue hypotheses.

So to go back once again to the scientific paper: The scientific paper is a fraud in the sense that it does give a totally misleading narrative of the processes of thought that go into the making of scientific discoveries. The inductive format of the scientific paper should be discarded. The discussion which in the traditional scientific paper goes last should surely come at the beginning. The scientific facts and scientific acts should follow the discussion, and scientists should not be ashamed to admit, as many of them apparently *are* ashamed to admit, that hypotheses appear in their minds along uncharted by-ways of thought; that they are imaginative and inspirational in character; that they are indeed adventures of the mind.

—P. B. MEDAWAR.
in *The Experimental Method*
(British Broadcasting Corp.)

"I'm Daylight Saving. You must be the real thing!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Fluoridation Debate (Cont.)

THANKS FOR the elucidating editor's notes to the letters you have published on fluoridation of public drinking water. I have just one criticism to make regarding your reference to the examination of Newburgh children [*SR*, May 2]. Those children who were most likely to be adversely affected by the fluoridated water were omitted from the study. See enclosures.

Mrs. EDITH WALDBOTT.

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The enclosures mentioned in the above letter are photostatic copies of pages 21-42, "Journal of the American Medical Association," Vol. 161, No. 7, Jan. 7, 1956. Those pages carry a research report signed by Edward R. Schlesinger, M.D., David E. Overton, M.D., and Helen C. Chase, M.Sc., all of Albany, N.Y., and titled "Study of Children Drinking Fluoridated and Non-Fluoridated Water: Quantitative Urinary Excretion of Albumin and Formed Elements."*

A group of 100 twelve-year-old boys had been selected from the school register of Newburgh, N.Y., where the drinking water had been fluoridated for eight years as part of a United States Public Health Service experiment. Another group of 100 schoolboys of the same age had been chosen in Kingston, N.Y., where the drinking water had not been fluoridated. The given purpose of the study "was to determine whether any irritative effects on the kidneys followed long-term ingestion of fluoridated water." The report on this research concluded:

"The difference found in the results from the groups in the two cities tended to favor the Newburgh children. No medical sign can be attributed to any of the differences. This study adds further weight to the mass of evidence already available that point to the safety of water fluoridation as a public health measure for the prevention of dental caries."

In describing the methods used in their study, the three researchers stated:

"Stress was placed on the desirability of obtaining specimens from normal, active boys. No specimens were taken if there was any history of clinical illness, no matter how mild, during the previous two weeks."

YOUR EDITORIAL COMMENT to a reader's letter on fluoridation [*SR*, Apr. 4] implies that I am aware of evidence of harm from fluoridation (somewhere) in the world though not within "the confines of the United States." You wrote: "This tacit concession that . . . [fluoridation] . . . may not always have been safe in other countries. . . ."

The full quote from my letter that you referred to, and which I was courteous enough to send you a copy of, is as follows: "My usual statement on no evidence of injury, no ill effects, any segment of population, etc., refers to the United States and for recommended levels of fluoride intake. I should make this clear and will in the future."

To me this does not imply harm outside of the United States, neither is it a "tacit concession." Obviously I know the data on fluoridation in this country better than in other parts of the world. For your information, of the work on fluoridation outside of the U.S. that I am acquainted with, I am not aware of any harmful effects of fluoridation. I am acquainted with the Indian, French, and Japanese papers cited by *SR* as possibly indicating harm, and in my opinion, and that of a number of colleagues I have consulted, the data presented are not sound.

FREDERICK J. STARE, M.D.,
Department of Nutrition,
Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

I WANT TO take this time to thank you for the wonderful way in which you have tried to put the facts before the public regarding the government's intent to fluoridate our public drinking waters.

I have in the last two Congresses introduced resolutions to investigate the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to determine why they are spending public funds in an attempt to socialize medicine and by innuendo take away more of our rights and freedom.

I sadly report to you that I cannot get a hearing because the Congressional committees will not act unless they get a favorable report from the so-called downtown bureaucrats. Naturally, you can't expect HEW to ask for an investigation of itself.

The only other Congressman who is behind my resolution now is Ralph Rivers of Alaska. Frankly, I don't believe other members are acquainted with the facts about fluoridation.

I feel that this question needs widespread attention so that the people will start a barrage of letters to their respective Congressmen. Just sending a letter to me does not help. But if enough members should see that their constituents are interested, we might perhaps move this resolution.

I intend to keep fighting. But I need more Congressmen to help so that our voices will be heard.

A complete investigation of fluoridation of public drinking water is necessary.

WALTER S. BARING,
Congressman for Nevada.

Washington, D.C.

Atrocity Mail

AS A SMALL nature loving committee of two, my wife and I would like to add our voices of violent disapproval concerning a very recent individual experience. Included in yesterday's barrage of daily mail was an advertisement for a set of children's books which was supposed to be brought to me by a beautiful winged messenger. In this case, the beautiful winged messenger happened to be none other than an authentic Oriental butterfly which was attached to the advertisement. One butterfly per advertisement adds up to a staggering number of virtual atrocities.

LEFF LAHUTA.

Staten Island, N.Y.

Shaky Stuff

IN YOUR ISSUE of May 2, 1964, you describe a "seismograph" of the year A.D. 132. In your description of the mechanism you perpetuate a misconception that is all too common. The heavy pendulum inside the jar is freely suspended from a point. The jar is rigidly attached to the earth. When an earthquake occurs the jar, being attached to the earth, sways with the earth. The inertia of the pendulum causes it to remain steady. It is the motion of the jar which causes the release of the balls, not the motion of the pendulum, which is essentially rigid in space and free of the earth, so little or no force is transmitted to it by the earth's movement.

RALPH E. CULLMAN.

Union, N. J.

Crab X-Rays

YOUR Grandest Firework issue [*SR*, July 4] was grand. Regarding Dr. Herbert Friedman's article in "The Research Frontier," would you please let us know the results of the rocket tests scheduled for July 7 for the purpose of determining whether the X-ray source of the Crab Nebula is a point source —a neutron star—or not.

S. DAVID KRIMINS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just as this issue of SR was going to press, Dr. Friedman announced that his experiment had succeeded, had shown no neutron star.*

Science and China

I READ the article "What Science Wants to Know About Communist China" [*SR*, Mar. 7] with great interest. As a scientist working in the field, I am greatly in favor of giving information to a broader public about the work that is being done, and therefore welcome the idea of reporting on problems and results of academic development. A writer doing that, however, should have a full appreciation of the nature of academic work and not try to ascribe to academic committees dealing with such work the function of influencing policy—in this case cold war policy—as your science editor does.

There are in all professions, as in ours, disagreements and arguments, and so there has been such disagreement among the band of scholars concerned with the study of modern China. In your account and your political interpretation of these disagreements, your journal has done a disservice to the profession. Academic argument over the character of the Chinese Communist movement, for instance over the "agrarian reformers" interpretation, was necessary to point out this and other fallacies. It has never led to anyone being "accused of 'selling out' capitalism to Mao," whatever that means.

Your description of the history of the establishment of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China is factually incorrect. At the Gould House Conference in 1958, which you describe, there was no "bitter split over the 'whole sellout' accusations"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as you state, but rather disagreement as to the sponsorship of the proposed committee on contemporary China. The proposal to have this committee sponsored by the Social Science Research Council and American Council of Learned Societies, following the precedent of the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies, was made by the undersigned at the Gould House conference, and became the solution afterwards accepted. This solution gave the scholars in the field their own organization, independent of any larger group such as the Association for Asian Studies. The record of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China which you describe demonstrates some of the accomplishments of the colleagues in the China field whose task it is and always has been to apply objective standards to research on China and not to let political pressures, including those implied by your science editor, affect their work.

FRANZ MICHAEL, Chairman,
Modern Chinese History Project,
Far Eastern and Russian Institute,
University of Washington.
Seattle, Wash.

YOUR ARTICLE on "Communist China: What Science Wants to Know About It" admirably presents many of the complex developments in the area of research and training on contemporary China. There are, however, two points I should like to comment upon: First, the origins of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council; second, the Gould House conference [where the Joint Committee on Contemporary China originated].

As early as September 1957, Howard L. Boorman of Columbia University suggested to John K. Fairbank and others the desirability of constituting a national advisory committee concerned with training and research on Communist China. In December that year William W. Lockwood of Princeton University suggested that the research and development committee of the Association for Asian Studies consider the establishment of a special committee on studies of Chinese Communism (perhaps jointly with the SSRC). After many meetings and discussions, involving other people as well, the research and development committee finally appointed an organizing committee for the Gould House conference, composed of John K. Fairbank (Chairman), H. Arthur Steiner of the University of California (Los Angeles), and C. Martin Wilbur of Columbia.

The organizing committee of the Gould House conference (June 19-21, 1959) attempted to get together a representative group of China specialists without regard to the previous splits, to which you refer, over the old "sell-out" accusation. Whatever the feelings of individual participants may have been on some subjects, there was unanimous agreement that a committee on China should be established which was national in scope, interdisciplinary in composition, and representative of the field. There also was unanimous agreement on the projects and tasks which should be explored and undertaken by this committee. The only "split" was over auspices.

Of the eighteen voting participants, nine, or half, voted for AAS sponsorship; the other votes were two against, four abstentions, and three "withdrawals" before the vote. There was a strong feeling among some of us, including myself, that ACLS-SSRC sponsorship would facilitate contacts and cooperation from outside the field and that the kind of tasks to be undertaken by such a committee could better be achieved with the type of strong administrative support which the councils could provide. The model and experience of the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies weighed heavily with many of us. I can safely say that the majority of those who preferred ACLS-SSRC sponsorship to that of the Association for Asian Studies were not opposed to the AAS sponsorship, and, indeed, have been among the association's strong supporters. Secondly, those favoring the AAS sponsorship, in turn, were not opposed to ACLS-SSRC sponsorship.

The problem was resolved by the organizing committee of the Gould House conference and its sponsor, the AAS committee on research and development. These two bodies felt they had a clear mandate to seek the establishment of a committee on the study of contemporary China, but remain uninstructed on the question of auspices. In its report to William W. Lockwood, then chairman of the advisory committee on research and development of the AAS, Fairbank and the organizing committee recommended that Lockwood, on behalf of the AAS, immediately take up the matter of sponsorship with the ACLS and the SSRC. The councils would, they believed, "represent the interest of the AAS membership in the development of studies of contemporary China." Lockwood's approach was strongly supported by others, including Boorman, Fairbank, Norton Ginsburg, Lucian Pye of MIT, A. M. Halperin, then of RAND, and myself. At the end there was almost unanimous endorsement by the participants in the Gould House conference of ACLS-SSRC sponsorship for a China committee.

I believe it important to make this part of the record clear in order to avoid any suggestion that the Joint Committee on Contemporary China reflects, either in its origin or in its composition, any particular political viewpoints.

JOHN M. H. LINDBECK,
Associate Director,
East Asian Research Center,
Harvard University.
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two letters immediately above together reflect the great achievement of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China. Their authors were on opposite sides of the long and bitter argument among scholars of China over*

"No, I don't know why they didn't use extruded aluminum or cinder block."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accusations of "sell-out" of capitalism to Mao.

It is true that the only differences discussed at the Gould House conference, where the Joint Committee originated, were over sponsorship of the committee. Should the sponsor be the Association for Asian Studies or another?

Behind this question were volumes of testimony taken during Congressional hearings bearing on the conduct of the Institute of Pacific Relations. At those hearings, some scholars alleged that IPR was dominated by pro-Communist thinking and that AAS in turn was dominated by IPR. This happened during the ascendency of the late Wisconsin Senator, Joseph R. McCarthy. Most injured by the controversy was the noted Oriental scholar Professor Owen Lattimore. It is perhaps symptomatic of the times that Professor Lattimore's name now has been restored to its old place in "Who's Who in America" and that scholars who opposed each other in the dispute over IPR work together amicably today under the auspices of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China.

The SR report on the Joint Committee did not attribute any political direction to the Joint Committee. Nor was any such direction implied. The immediate and future political significance of research on Communist China was referred to, for social science studies cannot take place in a vacuum. A compelling reason why China scholars with opposing political orientations were willing to collaborate in the Joint Committee was that the Ford Foundation offered them upwards of $1,000,000 to finance joint studies. The Ford Foundation offer was made because the foundation thought the time and circumstances were politically opportune.

I AM a foreign exchange student from Singapore, Malaysia, on a one-year scholarship which is sponsored by the American Field Service.

Your article "What Science Wants to Know About Communist China" interested me very much. As my ambition is to further my education in the United States, I would like to learn more about the field of work than you wrote.

Thus I was wondering if you could advise me as to whom I could contact for more information of the preparatory courses for this field. Also, I am interested to know the necessary qualifications for applications for scholarships or grants to the institutions where the courses are offered.

PHILOMENA CHENG YOKE LIN.
Freeport, N.Y.

I HAVE READ your article "What Science Wants to Know About Communist China" and would like to ask you how I might gain access to the bibliographies compiled by the Joint Committee on Contemporary China. As a professor of economics, I am doing research on Communist China and am especially interested in resource materials on agricultural production in that country. Since I was raised in Taiwan during the Japanese occupation, I am equally fluent in Chinese and Japanese so would not need to limit myself to the materials in English.

I would greatly appreciate any information or suggestions you might have for me.

DR. JUNG-CHAO LIU,
Assistant Professor of Economics,
Southern Methodist University.
Dallas, Tex.

ONE OF OUR graduate students, Miss Helen Wang (from Taiwan), was extremely interested in your article on science in Communist China. Can you suggest agencies to which Miss Wang might apply for a fellowship or other employment in this field?

W. S. BOYLE,
Professor of Botany,
Utah State University.
Logan, Utah.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All persons interested in qualifying for support in studies of modern China should address Mr. Bryce Wood, Social Science Research Council, 230 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, staff secretary for the Joint Committee on Contemporary China.*

Cheaper Homes

JOHN LEAR'S "Bricks without Straw Bosses" [*SR*, Feb. 1] points to the potential of research in developing economical and efficient building construction. What he failed to say is that since 1953 Congress has resisted efforts by the Housing and Home Finance Agency to stimulate building research. Finally, in 1961, HHFA was voted $5,000,000 for experimental programs aimed at reducing housing costs to low- and moderate-income families (and I am glad to say we are working in one aspect of the research--methods of reducing costs of high-rise apartments). During the Fifties, it might be added, research for the nation's largest industry—building—received less federal money than soybean research by the Department of Agriculture.

If Dr. Herbert J. Hollomon receives Congressional approval for a Building and Construction Technology Center, it will be a long step toward unifying the splintered federal efforts now in progress. At least one other agency Mr. Lear did not mention—the Defense Department—is now heavily committed to producing better buildings at lower costs for service personnel. Congressional support of Dr. Hollomon could put all these efforts under the same roof and give more research for less money.

Despite our advanced technological progress, many Western European nations are far ahead of us in testing facilities, building information centers, and developing acceptance standards. But even if we catch up in these fields, John Lear pinpointed the most troublesome issue as unduly restrictive building codes. Building components and assembling must be studied free of building codes and construction practices if we are ever to restrain the upward spiral of building costs. Then, substantial savings, possibly in the neighborhood of 25 per cent, appear quite likely and could eliminate a substantial portion of housing subsidies now carried by the taxpayer.

OLINDO GROSSI, Dean,
School of Architecture,
Pratt Institute.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Someday all this will be yours."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel

Continued from page 22

("What I am"), and finally "hung for a fool" ("What I ought to be").

On the tower wall Sella has hung copies of Napoleon's proclamation when he arrived at Golfe-Juan to begin the comeback. A drawing shows him as Corporal Violet, his *nom de guerre*. Napoleon had promised his adherents to return in violet season. These supporters adopted the flower as a rallying signal, and many of them wore rings with violets embossed on them, along with the enigmatic words "It Will Appear in Spring."

FROM the top of the tower there is a splendid view of all of Cap d'Antibes, of the Quandt villa in the background and the fishermen dropping nets in the water nearby, of the mountains of the Estérel going out to the sea, the way Hemingway had described them, far in the distance. Back the other way was the old town of Antibes with its lovely leafy streets where we came to shop and at night to dine at the Taverne de Provence, a restaurant of surprising excellence just off the Place de Gaulle. Sometimes we would drive through the piny groves and turn off for the Plage de la Garoupe, one of the beaches at Antibes that has little bathing places, a bar and changing rooms, and sometimes a dock. They are called La Joliette and La Godille, and one, with some pretention, Waikiki. It is run not by Hawaiians but by an Englishwoman and her French husband, a veteran of the RAF who, on the day I chatted with him, was done up in a frogman's costume he had donned to repair the pilings under his dock. Looking down on the scene, which somehow called for Jacques Tati or Terry-Thomas and a slight south-of-France comedy, was the white *poitrine* of the Hotel La Bouée, the perfect small summer hotel in the perfect small resort. All it needed, really, was some bumbling M. Hulot to rattle his newspapers in the lobby and disturb the English guests or stumble into a warehouse with a lighted cigar and blow up all the fireworks that had been stored there for La Fête Nationale du 14 juillet.

But La Bouée was quiet, and since it was too early for dinner we drove back through the pines and through the great gates of Sella's place and changed for dinner. Then we joined some friends and drove far down to La Mère Terrats at La Napoule-Plage and had a marvelous *loup* and listened to the owner, a man of massive proportions, sing love songs to Paris accompanied by the two musicians who had come in from the street. —HORACE SUTTON.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Altman, 1875 East 2nd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. DEwey 9-1734.

PROFESSIONAL TYPING. Tapes. Reasonable. Confidential. Liljon Typing Service, Box 762, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box J-140.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, NY. We pay postage.

GOING TO LONDON? You'll need de Funiak's American-British Dictionary. Paper covers, $1.50. Bookstore, University of San Francisco, San Francisco 17, California.

SELL US YOUR OLD BOOKS! Free estimates. Explore new horizons in our Catalogue of Fine Books. 15¢. Columbia Booksellers, Box 7046, Washington, D.C. 20032.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

FREE CATALOGUES, PAPERBACKS, etc. New York Book and Record Club, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand and rare books at low English prices. Stock of over 4 million volumes. You may pay by check in dollars. W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2, England.

"THE INGREDIENTS OF SUCCESS" can change your life. $3.00. Aim, 2022 Robin Lane, Garland, Texas.

WHAT SOUTHERN AMERICAN AUTHOR did Mark Twain compare to Homer and Shakespeare? Read "A Cure for the Blues" (Tuttle). At your favorite bookstore.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

INFINITE BOOKS, thousands stocked. Box 86, Kenmore, New York 14217.

SEND FOR new Americana Catalogue. Ohio Book Store, 726 Main Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

BOOKSEARCH SERVICE. Prompt, reliable. Ruth Gilcreast, 3815 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94131.

AEROSPACE SPECIALIST. Catalogue 25¢. John Roby, 1335C St. Louis Avenue, Long Beach 4, California.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts—wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 S. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

LOCATE BOOKS! California Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, Box 194, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

FROM STOCK! Good Books—At Fair Prices—with Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio 43609.

BACK NUMBERS

AMERICAN HERITAGE Magazines: I (1949) through XV (1964). All. Sold-Bought. Issues, Runs. Reid-Books, 1404 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11230.

ART

SIGNED ORIGINAL MODERN Abstract Paintings! 8" x 10", beautifully framed, $5.00; 3 for $12.00, returnable. Vanguard Gallery, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, California.

PACKARD GALLERY representing contemporary artists and craftsmen. Sales, rental, instruction, framing, portraits. 10 West Market, Akron, Ohio. HEmlock 4-3121.

SELF PORTRAITS WANTED. All media. Give full details. Box J-156.

RECORD MART

MEISTERSINGER von Nuremberg, Wagner, complete, Eurodisc, original recording at opening of Munich's National Theater, 5 LPs, with text book, Hi-Fi $24.75, Stereo $27.25. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 47)

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

SUBSCRIPTIONS to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

FRENCH. ITALIAN. SPANISH. POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 98 countries and official New York World's Fair slides* (sold individually) — 8 & 16 mm movies also available — all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it — restricted interiors — Holy Land narrations with new slides — Oberammergau 1960 — Tahiti — exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88 page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 13 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 784, Los Angeles 90025. *Distributed in association with Photo Lab, Inc., Official Licensee, New York World's Fair 1964-1965.

SCHOOLS

BROOKVALE SCHOOL. Windsor, Massachusetts. Boys' college preparatory. Business. Small classes. Effective program. David Lynes, Headmaster, East Windsor Road.

COLLEGES

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 430 Cuyahoga Savings Building, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

WISCONSIN SEMESTER IN MEXICO. August 17th-December 16th. Intensive Spanish, area studies, all levels. Collaboration, Universidad Veracruzana. Small classes, personal attention, private homes. Modest cost. Address: State University, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

DROPPED FROM COLLEGE? Worried about possible future failure? Discuss your problems with experienced educational consultant. New England area. Box J-125.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOLK GUITARS, BANJOS—1964 catalogue 25¢. Main Music, 4139 Main, Skokie, Illinois.

DeBLAISE HARPSICHORDS: quality craftsmanship. 453 West 21st, New York 10011.

GUITAR KIT $24.95 (F.O.B. NYC). Spruce and maple wood. Materials and instructions supplied. DO IT YOURSELF and save (Extraordinary Value!). Hargail, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

JONES-CLAYTON HARPSICHORD, LTD. Builders of handcrafted one, two manual harpsichords, also spinets and clavichords. Brochure sent on request. 2442 Hyperion Avenue, Los Angeles 27, California.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

JANE HARRIS. Piano teaching studio, NYC. Specializing in children. Resume on request. SUsquehanna 7-8895 afternoons.

SUMMER THEATER

SHARON, CONNECTICUT. "THE ENCHANTED" at The Playhouse. August 4th-August 9th. Evenings except Monday, matinee Thursday. Reservations: 203-EN 4-5733.

ON CAPE COD? FREE TICKET to Broadway stage play at popular Yarmouth Summer Theater, South Yarmouth. Use this ad, admitting you WITHOUT CHARGE any evening in August (including Sundays!) when accompanied by one paid admission, regular price. We're interested in just how many SR readers are on the Cape.

FOR THE GOURMET

SERVE MUSHROOM NIBBLES. Brandywine's inestimably esculent new cocktail snack! Discerning palates applaud! Obtainable best shops. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

GOURMET FOODS for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

HOBBIES

THIRTY ORDOVICIAN FOSSILS, $1.98. Fossil Tidepools, Box 263, Lebanon, Ohio.

PERSONALS

TIRED OF THE COMMONPLACE in fabrics? Stock up on the uncommon! Include CAROL BROWN, Putney, Vermont, in your summer travels: Irish handwoven tweeds; tussah, Siamese silks; all sorts of interesting cottons from Finland, India, etc. U.S. 91 and 5.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch, Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 8-4-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

FANS REPAIRED—All kinds of antique fans. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

ARE THERE REASONS WHY HUMANISTS should join the American Humanist Association? We need members who are reluctant to join organizations. Introductory literature. Dept. SR-7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FOOT COMFORT—Also extra large sizes. Free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

STRINGS—STRINGS—STRINGS. 300 varieties for all instruments. We specialize in the finest quality, in return-mail delivery, and, happy day, we save you money. Send for our string supplement catalogue and see! Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, New York 25, N.Y.

ALTERNATIVE TO COLLEGE? Intensive study, physical work, social commitment. Tutorials available with resident master. Brief resume with inquiry, please. S. Jacoby, Riverside Farm, South Kortright, N.Y.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH on Appalachia. Ten weeks for a dollar. "The West Virginia Hillbilly," Richwood, West Virginia.

PERSONALS

WANTED: "TALKS WITH NEHRU," by Norman Cousins, published 1951, by John Day, now out of print. Time is of the essence. Contact Box H-801.

TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT when in Washington. Worship Saturday morning in the air-conditioned Sligo Seventh-day Adventist Church, Flower and Carroll, Takoma Park, Maryland. Sensibly biblical.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U. S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

CLYDE MAGAZINE — SPECIAL RUSSIAN ISSUE — Yevtushenko and Khrushchev debate modern art and anti-Semitism; sex life of the Russian girl; Communist writer biasts the Party. A rare treat. Mail 75¢, Clyde Magazine, Box 1604, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

WORLD FAMOUS CLASSICAL GUITARS AND LUTES: Fine collection of the leading masters of Spain and Western Germany shipped on approval. Most reasonably priced. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

ROLL-CALL DIGEST, a penetrating report of key voting records of Congress. $1.00. Roll-Call, SR4, 2230 Wisconsin, Washington, D.C.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM." "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," 25¢ each, $1 complete. "Poems of Place," unprinted format, 25¢. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hallandale, Florida.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

YOUR CARIBBEAN CRUISE re-created in colorful slides available in sets of 10 for $2.75, representing Caracas, Curacao, Haiti, Jamaica, Martinique, Panama, Puerto Rico, etc. Cruise Pictures Unlimited, P.O. Box 636, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023.

AMERICAN LITHUANIAN FOUNDATION INC. kindly requests books (English as well as Lithuanian, Polish, Russian, Yiddish), films, slides, records, textbooks, and donations, suitable to establish a representative selection of the American cultural heritage, at the Central Library in Vilnius (Vilna), Soviet Lithuania. Willing to help this people-to-people cultural exchange? Please write to P.O. Box 121, OVS, Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.

FILM MAKERS! Proposed film society invites you to submit your work for screening. Our purpose is "to present showcase exhibitions of cinematic works by new talent." Write Box 7893, Philadelphia 1, Pennsylvania.

TIRED OF THE ORDINARY in nursery decor? Purchase unique nursery paintings done in oils. Delight youngsters with Humpty Dumpty or Little Boy Blue. $10.00 each. $18.00 per pair for these 8" x 10" creations. Frame not included. Send check or money order. Mrs. James Queen, Route 3, Box 188, Forest City, North Carolina.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

"THERE BE NONE of Beauty's daughters with a magic like thee" wearing the fragrance of fresh flowers. Circular M, May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

WANTED: OPPORTUNITY to organize children's theater program (Southern Fairfield County), auspices—private, public. Wellesley graduate, Yale Drama School, U.C.L.A. M.A. Box J-151.

OIL PORTRAIT, 10" x 14", $9.98. American Artists. Send snapshot. Otto Hueser, Friendship Haven, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

COLLEGE VICE-PRESIDENT. Director Development, political science Ph.D., available executive position NYC vicinity. Harter, Box 112, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305. 212-YU 1-1905.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED NYC. Nonprofit. Woman, 29, B.S. Cornell, 8½ years experience, mostly personnel. Initiative, tact, judgment, organizational ability ought to be useful in administrative, contact work. Salary is an object. For resume Box J-154.

C.P.A., with cataracts, wishes gainful work. Will relocate. Box J-111.

THOROUGHLY EXPERIENCED copy editor, proofreader, copyreader seeks NYC employer. Box J-117.

EDITOR-WRITER (employed) seeks ethical human-betterment position away from frozen north. Life Sciences A.B.; advanced study in communications; multidisciplinary experience in Ivy, printer's ink, R. & D. Resume on request. Box J-160.

MALE, 23, degree, photography, experienced, desires challenging assistant's job or university relations position. Excellent references. Box J-136.

FEMALE, B.A., ENGLISH, desires teaching position—typing, shorthand; choral directing ability. Inexperienced. Will relocate. Box J-162.

MALE, M.ED. GUIDANCE and counseling, two years experience, desires college administrative position. Box J-173.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

BORN TO TEACH? Your enthusiasm, skill and interest are what count in private school, Sacramento area. Small classes of bright, happy children. Write Box 214672, Sacramento, California.

COLLEGE GRADUATES. Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel. Reply promptly. Interviews New York area. Box H-799.

RESEARCH ANALYST. Health care association in Chicago seeks M.A. or Ph.D. to assume major responsibility for research projects. Economics or sociology background preferred. Box J-93.

200-1,000 NEW POSITIONS reported monthly. Get free copy. National Employment Reports, 519-N Center, Racine, Wisconsin.

EDITOR WANTED for an amusing novel with great picture possibilities. Salary and royalties. Please state qualifications in first letter. Box J-129.

LEADING TOUR OPERATOR needs mature, capable persons, preferably with experience in conducting tours or handling groups, for 50 day around-the-world tours departing January, February and March. Dittmann Travel Organization, Inc., P.O. Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota.

LEWIS-WADHAMS SCHOOL needs Summerhill-inspired house-mother and teacher. Children from 6-13. Write H. Snitzer, R.D., Westport, N.Y.

CIRCULATION LIBRARIAN, male preferred, upstate liberal arts men's college. Library degree essential, experience preferred. Faculty status, liberal fringe benefits. Application to: Bruce Brown, Librarian, Colgate University Library, Hamilton, New York.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MODERN, ARTISTIC, year-round hideaway Carmel, N.Y. vicinity. Huge living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms; old trees, 8 acres. CArmel 5-2300.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Country homes and acreage. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. Telephone 802-824-5457.

ANYWHERE. Tell us exactly what kind of house you want to buy. And where. We locate and screen suitable houses, act as your deputy. No charge to you. HOMERICA, INC., New York. 200 Park Avenue, Chicago, Marina City, Los Angeles, 3460 Wilshire Boulevard.

1780—7 room restored house, 4 fireplaces. Barn, pond, boat, motor. Magnificent view, 240 acres. $20,000. Box 13, Heath, Massachusetts.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Small farmhouse in cultural area. Nice views. Quiet. 10 minutes to village. Needs do-it-yourself repairs. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $13,000. K. B. Greer, Walloomsac Road, Bennington, Vermont.

BUCKS COUNTY NEAR NEW HOPE. Large plastered stone house, studio, guest house in unusual 18 acre setting with sycamore and rhododendron lined creek, dam, waterfall, and several Cheviot sheep included in $65,000 asking price. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS. 3 bedroom slab ranch; double garage, playroom, fireplace. Many, many trees on ⅓ acre. Box J-157.

BUCKS COUNTY ESTATE, 15 miles north New Hope. Authentic 1825 house restored; 2 living rooms, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, writer's room, 3 fireplaces, 2½ baths. 17 acres, view. Yunger Real Estate, Plumsteadville, Pennsylvania. 201-766-8852.

MIDWAY LOS ANGELES-San Diego. Dramatic traditional house overlooking surf. Studio flavor. Huge living room, 4 bedrooms. 2,700 square feet. Under $40,000. Fleming, 245 Montalvo, San Clemente, California. 714-492-3761.

For Sale—Furnished

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N.H.—Nearly new 3 bedroom cottage. Fireplace, completely furnished, dock, beach. Low taxes. $16,500. Lake and Village Real Estate, Wolfeboro, N.H.

For Rent—Furnished

MOUNTAINTOP 3 bedroom concrete house. 10 acres, superb views. Cool. All conveniences. 19 miles southeast San Juan, Puerto Rico. Decorator furnished. $105 month. Box J-1.

PASADENA GOLF ESTATES, St. Petersburg, Florida. Lovely 2 bedroom, 2 bath home. Walk to first tee. References. September 10th-November 10th. $550. Box J-126.

For Summer Rental

NEW HOUSE, heart of Green Mountain National Forest. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. By month or season between July 10th and October 1st. Located Route 11, Peru-Londonderry, Vermont. P.O. Box 16, Londonderry, Vermont, phone 802-824-5918.

SHELTER ISLAND, L.I. Charming new house overlooking water. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. August-September 15th. Telephone 212-LO 5-8776, 516-SH 9-0636.

PROVINCETOWN hilltop, harbor view, fireplace, terraces. Sleeps 4. August, September, $800. Bultman, Miller Hill, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

MANHATTAN, EAST 60s. Large living room, bedroom, bath, dining room, kitchenette. Maintenance $112 monthly. Price $20,000. Box J-141.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

HIGH HILL, Manchester-in-the-Mountains., Vermont. Attractively furnished apartments, all utilities. Gorgeous views, near town, ski areas and golf. Monthly, seasonal, yearly. Box 552, Manchester, Vermont. Telephone 362-2305.

APARTMENT WANTED

CHICAGO—WANTED: Furnished apartment September-June. Temperate, fortyish teacher. Southeast Lake or near north. Will cherish your possessions. Box J-131.

STUDIO APARTMENT

For Rent—Furnished

NYC—FIFTH AVENUE. Unique, beautifully decorated, comfortable studio-loft apartment. Floor through, completely furnished. September 1st for 9 months. 1-2 persons. References. $165 month. Box J-145.

ROOM WANTED

MORRISTOWN, N.J. Room, bath. Professional woman prefers first floor. Breakfasts when there; perhaps occasionally other meals. European plan. Box J-127.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

YOUR OWN PARADISE. 485 acres on isolated Decatur Island, San Juans, Washington. Wooded waterfront, 3 houses, drilled wells. Box J-150.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20 an acre and up. For brochure write Box G-28.

INN-FARM-ESTATE. Early American Colonial. 14 rooms, 6 baths, 5 fireplaces. Oil heat. 175 acres. Hunting, fishing, swimming. Near ski areas, golf courses. $49,500. For booklet write: Deer Hill, Chester, Vermont.

STOWE, VERMONT—West Hill. House sites with panoramic view overlooking site of planned 10 acre lake. Village 1½ miles. Winter rentals. Foster-Taber Corporation, Stowe. ALpine 3-7342. NYC information: BRyant 9-2524.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MANCHESTER VILLAGE, VERMONT. Guest house, furnished and equipped. 10 bedrooms (4 with washbowls), 4½ baths, new oil furnace. Adjacent to golf courses. Near art center, summer theaters. Hub of 4 major ski areas. Village water and sewerage. $32,500. Catalogue. Ethel P. Wells, Realtor, Manchester, Vermont.

BOOKSHOP, lending library, newspapers, greeting cards concession available in apartment hotel midtown New York City. Splendid opportunity for couple. Practically no capital required. Box J-122.

CAMPS

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp based on the concept of freedom through self-regulation. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theater, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

FINEST TO OFFER in year-round peaceful country living. Hearts' Haven, South Kent, Connecticut.

NEW WESTCHESTER HOTEL for Retired Men and Women. THE SPRINGVALE INN, just completed, offers tastefully appointed apartments on lease or short term, with modern hotel facilities, as low as $60 per week including daily luncheon, dinner and maid service. Handsome lobby; beautiful restaurant; indoor swimming pool; stores and bank on premises. Scenic 42 acre park setting, less than an hour from New York. Visit or write The Springvale Inn, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. (Route 9, 3 miles north of Harmon.) 914-PE 7-6954.

VACATIONS

LOCATION: We're an hour from Philadelphia, two hours from New York, and a thousand years from care. Care to join us? Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE. concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

LA ORILLA. Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

HERITAGE HILL. Holland R.F.D., Southbridge, Massachusetts. Discover the quiet charm of our hidden-in-the-hills little Inn. Brochure.

MOUNTAIN VACATION. Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

RELAX AND RECREATE!!! Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool, private baths. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Rainbow Lodge, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

SERENE. SECLUDED. HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

VACATIONS

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

ONLY IN THE BERKSHIRES—Fun in the sun or scenic Pontoosuc Lake. Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, playhouses nearby. Heated pool. Free day camp. American Plan. Brochure. Pontoosuc Lodge, Box 1019-S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

NEW YORK CITY — Special Vacation Week. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

HORACE SUTTON complimented our 2, 3 and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments; pool. Daily, weekly, monthly. $5 P.P.D.O. or less. Corniche, P.O. Box 91, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I. NYC Office, MUrray Hill 4-6823.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS. Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LAND O' GOSHEN FARM! Furnished cottage, trout, trails, mountain air, relaxation. Goshen, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT on two channel-connected lakes in deep Berkshire woods. Rustic lodge, cottages, cabins. Simple, unpretentious, unhurried vacation fun. Plenty of outdoor activities: swimming, boating, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard and more, but plenty of loafing, too, or relaxed "activities" like fine meals, in/outdoor Hi-Fi concerts, 1,000 volume library, game room, card room, chip-in cocktail parties, etc. A haven for 50 business and professional people. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 141, Lee, Massachusetts.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

VERMONT. LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 up a day Modified American Plan. Families welcome. Also housekeeping apartment, attached to inn. Living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, private entrance. Available day, week, month. Meals if desired. Phone 802-824-5918.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE — Secluded, 2,100 feet elevation, panoramic view. Superb cuisine. Informal. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

FETZER'S GUEST FARM, New Hope, Pennsylvania. Organically raised vegetables, meats, home baking. Filtered pool, tennis, rooms with private bath and semiprivate. Bucks County Playhouse, Music Circus. Folder. Telephone 215-862-2630.

FLORIDA KEYS. ISLAMORADA. Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed, tropical living, charming oceanfront efficiencies. Pool, dock, ramp; all sports. Cool ocean breezes. Friendly, congenial. Week, month. Box 222R.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. Summer Rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

ANANDA ASHRAM—A rejuvenating, memorable vacation experience for vital, perceptive and artistic people who don't want to be overfed and overpampered but want to participate in the practice and philosophy of Yoga. One hour from New York City. A place to experiment in arts theater, to work at construction, sports, etc. Phone 914-783-1083, Box 212-c-1 JA, Monroe, New York.

VACATIONS

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

THE FLYING CLOUD—High in the Berkshires off beaten path, yet close to all cultural activities. Excellent tennis and swimming. New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Early and wonderful autumn coloring. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability. Rates include cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats on two lakes, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts. Write for color folder. Quimby's Club or Inn, Averill 4, Vermont.

RESTFUL LODGE on small lake. Delicious food, comfortable quarters. All outdoor activities available. Write or call C. M. Johnson, Dodge Lodge, Rangeley, Maine. Rangeley 309R3.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

PARADISE LIVING!! Room and meals $2 daily. Receive specific addresses. Send $2. Apartado 328, Acapulco, Mexico.

TRAVEL

UNIVERSITY OF THE 7 SEAS. Combine a Liberal Arts curriculum for credit with the enrichment of around-the-world travel aboard the well-known college ship, M.V. "Seven Seas," operated by Holland-America Line. Fall semester sails October 19th from New York City. 108 days to 18 ports in 14 countries. Incorporated under the laws of the State of California Department of Education. Spring semester sails February 11th. Hispanic scholarships available. College students seriously interested in this unique approach to higher education may send for full information to: University of the 7 Seas, Director of Admissions, Whittier, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. Stay at the Hotel Paris. Singles available practically every day; double-bedded rooms starting August 13th; twin-bedded rooms and family accommodations from August 27th. Free swimming pool, solarium. Ask for our folder: "New York for Free." Write to Martin L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 23 to 43 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36. COlumbus 5-2600.

POLYNESIAN BEACHCOMBER ASPIRATIONS? Your thatched-hut Moorea Village beckons. Barefoot prices. Weekly Jetaways Club Mediterranee, Box 69, North Hollywood, California 91601.

PRITHEE! Hie thee not to Albion without Gail's Budget Guide to England. Money-saving tips plus 150 economy hotels and restaurants. Mail $1 to Dept S, 132 North Laurel, Los Angeles, California 90048.

NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

GLOBAL CIRCLE TOURS. Around the World in 48 or 60 Days. Completely escorted, frequent departures. Dittmann Travel Organization, Northfield, Minnesota.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1582

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the Antarctic penguins *(Pygoscelis papua)*; child whose reading powers have been recently examined.	95 7 110 83 182 35
B. Small sealed glass vessel, usually for one dose, to be hypodermically injected.	15 39 150 96 131 138
C. Dissonance; discordance.	6 134 164 25 28 99 78 119 5
D. That part of the visible sea at some distance from shore.	57 62 116 22 52 183
E. Like a leech.	60 136 77 55 175 42 122 53
F. Contemporary fine American actress, daughter of one of the best of Amer. actors.	104 165 143 79 123 68 16
G. The pet for whom *you* run after the ball for *him* to throw, acc'g to Gavin Maxwell.	172 36 59 44 93
H. Mother of Phrixos and Helle.	135 160 120 146 61 3 151
I. Subjected to excessive tension.	117 103 137 149 118 8 65 47
J. As soon as seen (2 wds.).	132 145 112 181 31 67 9
K. Woman or girl of the Australian aborigines.	2 114 153 129 139
L. Scene of many treaties ending War of Spanish Succession, 1713.	87 109 43 169 126 159 177
M. Separation of parts of a compound word by one or more other words.	158 56 179 184 17 157
N. A gentleman publicly escorting a lady.	40 27 86 92 48 121 111
O. *Such closeness of texture* as not to allow the passage of a liquid.	113 141 76 32 49 144 94 19 189
P. Tendered.	63 115 170 50 29 38 140
Q. A Confederate general at Gettysburg.	74 10 124 98 88 174 45 73 20
R. Person skilled in one of the fine arts.	127 171 23 30 97 178
S. An owner.	72 14 84 148 180 102 24 33 100 64
T. Urgently petition.	18 107 85 21 147 186 142
U. Temporarily abating.	152 130 173 125 66 70 163 26 185
V. The fence at least 90 feet behind home plate.	162 51 187 156 58 89 106 12
W. Awfully, appallingly.	75 101 80 91 166 82 108 34 69
X. Lower part of a bird's leg, bare of feathers in wading birds.	155 167 90 168 81 105 176 46 11
Y. Poet who wanted to remould the "sorry scheme of things . . . nearer to the heart's desire."	188 37 154 161 71 1 4
Z. In modern colloq. use, an Englishman or a lowland Scot.	41 54 133 13 128

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 Y	2 K	3 H		4 Y	5 C		6 C	7 A	8 I	9 J	10 Q	11 X	12 V
13 Z	14 S	15 B	16 F	17 M	18 T	19 O		20 Q	21 T	22 D	23 R	24 S		25 C	26 U	
27 N	28 C	29 P	30 R	31 J	32 O	33 S	34 W	35 A		36 G	37 Y	38 P	39 B	40 N	41 Z	
42 E	43 L		44 G	45 Q	46 X	47 I	48 N	49 O	50 P		51 V	52 D	53 E		54 Z	55 E
56 M	57 D	58 V	59 G		60 E	61 H	62 D	63 P	64 S	65 I		66 U	67 J	68 F	69 W	
70 U	71 Y	72 S	73 Q		74 Q	75 W	76 O	77 E		78 C	79 F	80 W		81 X	82 W	
83 A	84 S	85 T		86 N	87 L	88 Q	89 V	90 X		91 W	92 N	93 G	94 O		95 A	96 B
97 R	98 Q		99 C	100 S	101 W		102 S	103 I	104 F		105 X	106 V	107 T	108 W		109 L
110 A	111 N		112 J	113 O	114 K	115 P	116 D	117 I		118 I	119 C		120 H	121 N	122 E	123 F
124 Q		125 U		126 L	127 R	128 Z		129 K	130 U	131 B	132 J	133 Z		134 C	135 H	136 E
	137 I	138 B	139 K	140 P		141 O	142 T		143 F	144 O		145 J	146 H	147 T		148 S
149 I	150 B	151 H	152 U	153 K	154 Y	155 X	156 V	157 M		158 M	159 L	160 H	161 Y		162 V	163 U
164 C	165 F	166 W	167 X		168 X	169 L		170 P	171 R	172 G	173 U		174 Q	175 E	176 X	177 L
178 R	179 M	180 S	181 J	182 A	183 D		184 M	185 U	186 T	187 V	188 Y	189 O				

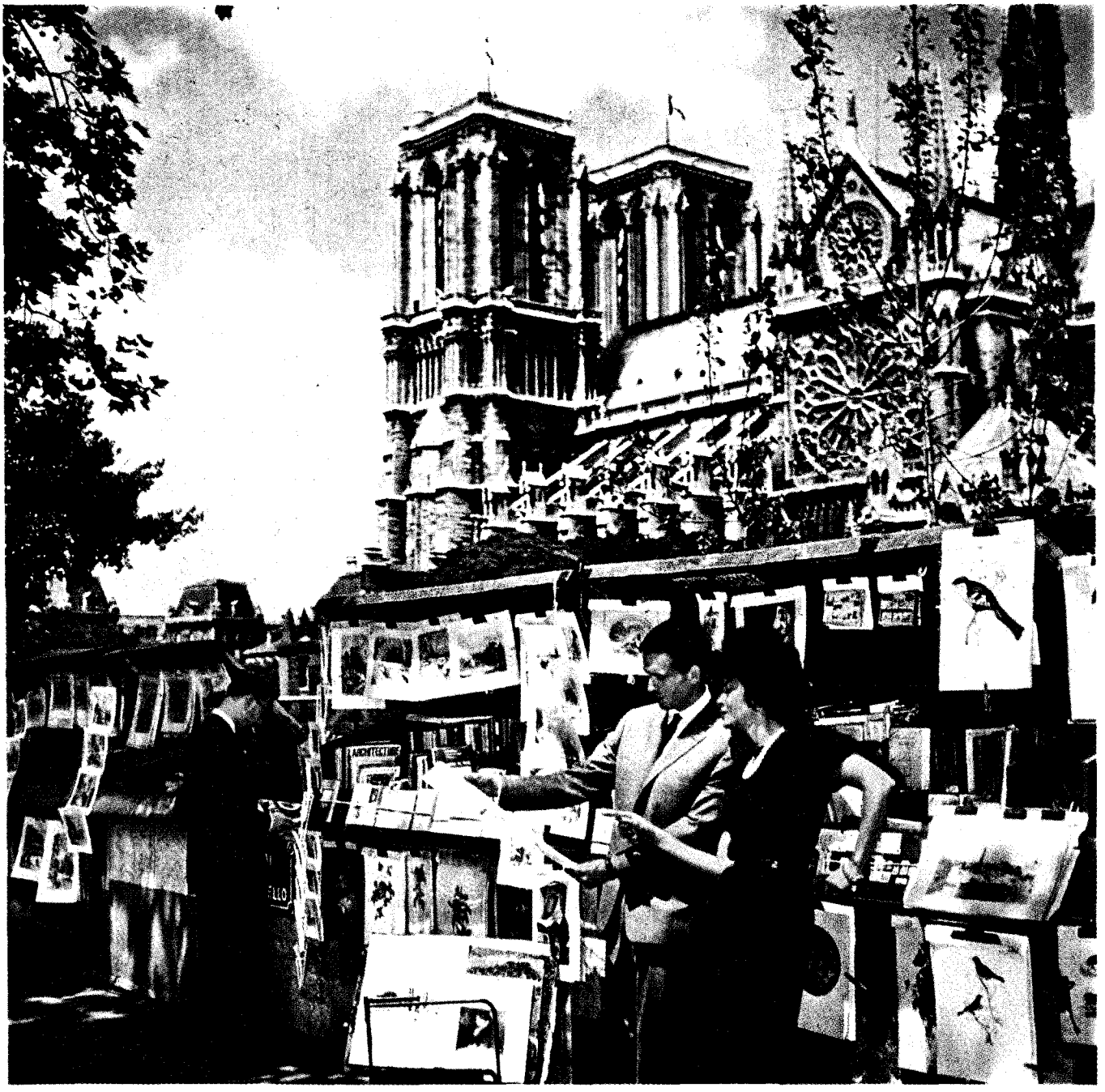
Solution to last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

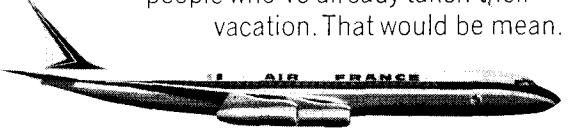
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Come home with us to Paris

(Enjoy "The City of Light" and a fabulous "Jet-Away Holiday in the Sun")



Saved up all your vacation days till now, eh? Well, Air France has saved up some fabulous vacation ideas just for you. We call them "Jet-Away Sun Holidays." They enable you to fly, cruise, motor, walk, to and through the sunniest spots in Europe, Africa, the Mediterranean, or virtually anywhere in the world. At remarkable savings. (A 9-day stay at a first-class hotel in the beautiful Canary Islands, for example, costs just $99 plus air sea fare.) Each tour begins or ends in the city—Paris. Air France handles all the details... while you have all the fun. Itineraries are completely flexible, so you needn't feel tied to a group. Naturally your flights will be aboard sleek, swift Air France Boeing 707 Jetliners where each meal is a masterpiece and the service is regal. There are no lower jet fares, either. What more could you ask for? Why not ask your Travel Agent for all the details. And try not to discuss Air France's 1964 "Jet-Away Sun Holidays" with people who've already taken their vacation. That would be mean.



AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED